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THE BUDGET.

IF Mr. Gladstone's speech on Thursday evening was inferior as an oratorical effort to the speeches with which he has introduced former Budgets, it may not improbably surpass them all in the lasting satisfaction it affords. We are favoured with a Budget containing only one new principle. And on this occasion Mr. Gladstone had the pleasure of announcing that the receipts of the past year had slightly exceeded, and the expenditure had a little fallen behind, their respective estimates; so that his vague anticipation of a balance of £150,000 in his favour had resulted in an actual surplus of £1,300,000. The estimates for the forthcoming year have so far corresponded to the cry for economy, that the expenditure shows a reduction of rather more than £1,500,000, which, added to the previous surplus and the anticipated increase of about £900,000 from the former sources of revenue, gave Mr. Gladstone a surplus of £3,741,000 to distribute on the remission of taxation. When this announcement was made to the gratified House, there naturally arose an impatience to hear how the surplus was to be allotted; but here the Chancellor of the Exchequer was faithful to himself. The accomplished orator, who on a former occasion insisted upon magnifying an already alarming deficiency, and even made it seem worse than it was, before he would take into consideration the means by which it was to be met, had no sooner told the House on Thursday that he had this £3,741,000 to give away, than he proceeded to digress for an hour on chicory, clubs, parliamentary trains, and charitable endowments. By altering or imposing taxes on these things, Mr. Gladstone hopes to get about £133,000; so that he had the increased sum of £3,874,000 to dispose of. The secret of the delay in dealing with this sum was perhaps explained when it appeared that the first taxes to be sacrificed were Mr. Gladstone's own offspring—the petty charges on commerce. Their abolition will absorb in the present year £142,000, and in the future £191,000. The bulk of the surplus Mr. Gladstone proposes to absorb by a reduction of the Income-tax from 9d. to 7d., accompanied by a modification we shall presently explain, costing in all £1,600,000, and a reduction of the tea duty from 1s. 5d. to 1s., costing £1,300,000. There will then remain a balance of about half a million, which he hopes to preserve intact.

On the whole the Budget is most satisfactory, in showing the stability of the revenue under very trying circumstances, and in the promise which the small reduction in the estimates gives us of a return to the principles of economy. The reduction is not wholly trustworthy, since it is obtained not by diminishing our naval and military forces, but by a temporary abstinence from the purchase of stores. Yet it will probably be difficult for any Ministers to recur to the swollen votes of the past three years, and they will be driven to

more permanent modes of economy. The stability of our revenue, however, affords unmixed satisfaction: in spite of the suspension of labour in Lancashire, and the destruction of half our trade with North America, the actual revenue of the past year has been £70,603,000, against an estimated revenue of £70,050,000; and the increase appears to be due to the development of the normal portion of the national income. During the past four years the revenue, exclusive of the accidental and remitted portions, has shown an annual increase of about £875,000. The actual expenditure of the last year has been £69,302,000, against an estimate of £70,108,000; whilst the total estimates for the current year amount to £67,749,000. Even this sum shows an increase of expenditure (other than the charge for the National Debt) of more than five millions over the year 1858-9.

The additions which Mr. Gladstone proposes to our sources of revenue are, in general, unimportant, though some of them will probably be hotly contested. Chicory has a bad name, and there has long been a tendency to equalize the duties on it and on coffee. The wisdom of such a course perhaps admits of a doubt; and there is certainly one important difference between the two articles,—that chicory is an article of home as well as of foreign manufacture, and the collection of duty upon it requires additional machinery.

It is impossible to dispute the propriety of requiring clubs to take out a spirit-license, and no one but a publican will object to the alteration of the beer-licenses. The legislation which Mr. Gladstone proposes with respect to railways and charitable endowments admits of more discussion. Much of the existing legislation about railway companies is anomalous, because it is founded on the assumption that they enjoy a practical monopoly, and that the public require protection against their powers. If Mr. Gladstone carries out his proposal to levy a uniform duty on all passenger-trains, there will remain the existing obligation on railway companies to run one cheap train every day, and perhaps the companies may not unreasonably complain of the injustice of imposing the tax and preserving the obligation. As for the charitable endowments, it is evident that Mr. Gladstone has not weighed all the difficulties of the question.

In the division of a surplus there are always some claimants who will be dissatisfied. The day cannot be very far distant when the Malt duty will require to be reconsidered, though an alteration of it could scarcely have been expected in the present Budget. The condemnation of a Select Committee, indorsing the opinion of the mercantile world, had sealed the fate of the petty charges on commerce, and Mr. Gladstone relinquished them with the best possible grace. It would, perhaps, have been better to have divided the

reduction of the Tea duty, and to have reduced the Fire Insurance duty, which has not improperly been characterized as the worst tax in our fiscal system; but Mr. Gladstone was undoubtedly right in preferring tea to its rival—sugar.

The modification of the Income Tax requires some examination. It is clear that this, though a useful measure, will not effect all the ends proposed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. He proposes that the poundage shall for the future be the same on all incomes, but that holders of incomes of £100 (the minimum limit, as heretofore) and upwards, but of less than £200, shall be allowed to deduct £60 from their income, and be taxed on the balance. Thus, the tax being for the next year 7d. in the pound, the recipient of £100 a year would have to pay 7d. on £40; the recipient of £150 would have to pay 7d. on £90; the recipient of £200 a year and of greater sums, 7d. in the pound on the full amount. "The effect would be," Mr. Gladstone said, "to get rid of those very sore places which are found to exist in the case of incomes a little over £100 and a little over £150." This seems to be a mistake. The owner of £200 a year will for the future complain of having to pay 200 times 7d., whilst his neighbour, who has £199 a year, will only pay 139 times 7d. The only way to remove this anomaly is to have the same sum deducted universally, or to have it gradually reduced. The latter plan could be easily worked; e.g., let the owner of £100 a year deduct £60, the owner of £101 deduct £59; and so on; so that the owner of £160 a year should deduct nothing.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Gladstone will, in any case, be allowed to preserve his surplus undiminished. It is little more than £500,000, and nearly the whole of it is due to the Chinese Indemnity, whilst the reductions of taxation proposed will involve an additional loss next year of £898,000. These considerations alone show that the surplus is too small rather than too large. And be it remembered that Lancashire will require at least a million next winter.

THE NATIONALITY OF POLAND.

THE Russian offer of an amnesty will appear contemptible enough to all who are acquainted with the rights of Poland under the Treaty of Vienna, or with the history of Polish complaints since that date. The Poles have raised the standard of rebellion—not simply because they have been ill-treated, but because they have been deprived of what had been guaranteed to them, as well by international compact as by Imperial charter. The Archbishop of Warsaw was right in representing to the Czar that mere administrative reforms would not satisfy his countrymen. Poland has a legal title to more than mere reforms, and those who imagine that liberalised institutions will be a panacea for the evil have not probed the full depth of the Polish wounds. What Kosciuszko asked, and the Emperor Alexander promised, in 1814, was that the Poles should be allowed to preserve their nationality, and be formed into a distinct kingdom. This has been the burden of their cry ever since. This is what Clopiński prayed for in 1830, and Zamoyski in 1862. This, lastly, is what Archbishop Felinski, in resigning his post in the Council of the State, puts forward as the sum and substance of all Polish aspirations. Prince Talleyrand's opinion at the time of the Vienna Congress, that the original partition of Poland was the prelude, and in part the cause of the disorders which subsequently convulsed Europe, may yet hold good for subsequent times which he has not lived to see. The Poles, at all events, have this additional grievance in 1863, that they are not only oppressed, but oppressed contrary to the spirit and the letter of European treaties. This is not a case of ordinary insurrection. Poland has not merely a cause for rebellion against Russia, but a *casus belli*. Solemn international agreements have been broken by the Cabinet of St. Petersburg, and if the contracting Powers decline to draw the sword from motives of expediency, at least it must be conceded that Poland, who is the victim of the fraud, has a right to draw the sword herself.

Though a spirit of international jealousy, and perhaps a prudent fear of the growing powers of the Czar, prevented

in 1815 the realization of the wishes of Kosciuszko, and the formation of a Polish kingdom under the government of the Emperor of Russia, the Treaty of Vienna acknowledged virtually the weight of Polish claims. The constitution of the duchy of Warsaw was recognized as forming henceforward the link which bound that duchy to Russia. "It shall hereafter," so runs the proviso, "be united to the Russian empire, to which it shall be irrevocably attached by its Constitution." These words, it is clear, operate as effectually to guarantee the Constitution in question as they do to annex Poland to the dominions of the Czar, and in this obvious sense they have since been understood by Europe. Had the Constitution been preserved inviolate, the kingdom of Poland proper at all events would have enjoyed a free press, liberty of the subject, and a right to exercise some control over the national taxes and the national expenditures. But, at the close of twenty years, the kingdom of Poland found itself in possession of none of these benefits. Perpetual disregard of the above-mentioned constitution led the Poles, in 1830, to attempt to break their chains. Since that time Russian diplomatists have eagerly asserted that the privileges which Poland proper obtained by European treaty it had lost by insurrection and by conquest. Neither the English nor French Governments, however, has ever admitted the justice of so preposterous a contention. Lord Palmerston, in his despatches to the representative of this country at St. Petersburg, vehemently denies it. The Constitution—such is the indignant message he sends to the Emperor of Russia—exists under the sanction of the treaty. Once given, it became the link which, under the treaty, binds the kingdom of Poland to the empire of Russia, and that link cannot remain unimpaired if the Constitution should not be maintained.

The kingdom of Poland proper was by the contracting Powers distinguished from the other Russo-Polish provinces, and had a destiny assigned to it apart from the rest. But pains were taken in the Treaty of Vienna to protect the nationality of all the Poles in common. An express clause provided that the Polish subjects of Russia who were not to be included in the separate kingdom should, nevertheless, obtain a representation and national institutions regulated according to the degree of political existence that the Russian Government should judge proper to grant them. The stipulation was extended, to comprehend the Polish subjects of Austria and Prussia as well; and every Pole, wherever resident, thus found protectors in the Powers who are parties to the treaty. If the latter part of the clause seems to leave considerable latitude to the Russian Crown to exercise its sovereignty as it pleased in those provinces of Poland which formed no portion of the Duchy, at least it is certain that this nationality was to be preserved to them, and that this was an important object which the Powers kept consistently in view. An early article in the synchronous convention between Russia and Prussia states as much. The Powers themselves, indeed, declared that the principles of free navigation, of free circulation, of the products of the soil, and of commercial transit, should be invariably maintained, just as they had obtained through the length and breadth of the ancient Poland of 1772. Separated in their administrations from the kingdom of Poland, these exterior and outlying provinces retained something, while they retained commercial unity and the privileges of a common nationality. Though they form, no doubt, an integral part of the Russian Empire, it was intended that they should not be torn from their fellow-countrymen more than the exigencies of European policy required. Their welfare also was henceforward in some degree to be a care of these contracting Powers which had not thought it derogatory to the honour of Russia that she should provide by treaty for their happiness and prosperity.

While it is plain that the Poles wish for more than is guaranteed to them by the Treaty of Vienna, it is equally evident, on the other hand, that they have a right to complain bitterly of that treaty's non-fulfilment. The kingdom of Poland proper looks in vain for its vanished constitution. The other provinces ask in vain what has become of their share in the Polish name and nation. They may fairly demand, in conformity with European promises, first, to be governed well, and secondly, to be governed as Poles. If they go further, if they pray that the dispersed tribes should be re-united in a single realm, it is true that they pray for what Europe has not promised them, but is not such a prayer justified by nearly fifty years of mal-government and

suffering? However this may be, they have the clearest possible right to be placed, at the very least, in the position guaranteed to them in 1815. If international covenants mean anything, if England and France are not determined to fling aside a protectorship which they both deliberately assumed, the Poles may claim our intercession. Lord Palmerston, in 1863, tells us that though we have the right to interfere, we lie under no obligation to do so. It is sufficient to appeal from the Lord Palmerston of 1863 to the Lord Palmerston of 1831. What appears to him now to be a mere convenience, then was held by him to be "a duty." "The time is come," he writes to St. Petersburg, "when his Majesty feels himself justified, both by his friendship for the Emperor of Russia and by the duty resulting from the obligations which he has contracted under the Treaty of Vienna, in addressing to his Imperial Majesty, in the most amicable tone and with the deference due to his rights as an independent sovereign, some observations as to the best mode of resettling the kingdom of Poland under the dominion of the Emperor." The "obligation" has certainly not ceased since the date of that despatch, and, whatever the result of the joint action of England and of France, we are glad that this country has not shrunk from the task imposed upon her by her honour and her plighted faith.

THE LATE SIR G. C. LEWIS.

WE only echo the unanimous voice of Parliament and the Press in saying that the country has sustained a heavy loss in the death of the late Secretary for War. With the exception of the Premier, there was, indeed, no public man whom we could so ill spare; for there was none who united, in so eminent a degree, qualities seldom found together in the same individual. Administrators as able—but none abler; debaters far more ready, ingenious, attractive, and eloquent, are left to us; but where shall we find, in either house, one who has so intimate and thorough a knowledge of the details of politics, with so masterly a grasp of the principles which ought to govern them? It is an obvious remark that Sir G. C. Lewis was at the same time a philosophical statesman, and an active, painstaking, skilful official. But it is not so easy to appreciate the rare combination of mental and moral gifts which this implies. Largeness of speculation is often divorced from sobriety of judgment; amplitude of learning is frequently found incompatible with the modesty and patience requisite to receive new lights or acquire fresh information. Extraordinary acquirements are apt to tempt their possessor into the paths of paradox; while habits of deep and sustained thought yield with difficulty to the exigencies of practical life. That the deceased Minister possessed the merits, without drawback from the defects we have indicated, is, however, universally admitted. It must have been a mind unusually well balanced, which could make its power felt in classical scholarship, in the most arduous and abstruse walks of literature, in the business of the Exchequer and the War-office, and in the debates of the House of Commons. But Sir George C. Lewis's success, and the position which he held, were due to something far higher than mere readiness of mental adaptability. Few men have ever brought to the consideration of questions coming before them so perfect an impartiality, or that less due to indifference and more to earnestness for the truth. The thoroughness with which he compelled himself to master everything that he took in hand, was, indeed, greatly attributable to the honesty which was with him not only a moral attribute, but a characteristic of his mind. His transparent clearness—his passionless serenity of thought—secured him almost entirely against the unconscious self-deception to which most of us fall constant victims; while the instinctive justness and accuracy of his reason shrank from the support or propagation of a fallacy, as nature is said to abhor a vacuum. Not only was his intellect one of great acuteness, and at the same time of great weight and solidity, but when he announced an opinion, men felt they had every guarantee that it was the result of careful and laborious reflection, working sincerely upon the best materials which industry could gather together. His authority with the House of Commons increased almost every session, in spite of—perhaps partly on account of—the defects which appeared to forbid his acquiring influence in a popular assembly. These were partly mental and partly physical. The comprehensive view which he took of every subject, and a naturally critical, if not sceptical

turn of mind, often disposed him to give undue weight to objections, and to acquiesce somewhat too contentedly in inaction. His many-sidedness, his impartiality, and his candour, prevented his moving in any one direction with the momentum which a narrower nature would have gathered from its more dogmatic convictions. While he was almost totally destitute of the flexibility and tact requisite for concealing his ignorance—when he happened to be ignorant—or for passing off upon the House a convenient, but fallacious string of official excuses,—when he knew he was wrong, or felt his convictions overborne by the exigencies of the moment, he never could conceal the fact from his audience. They laughed at the perplexities of the Minister, and the shortcomings of the advocate; but they felt increased respect for the sincerity of the statesman. As a speaker, Sir G. C. Lewis never took his place in the first rank; nor was it likely that he could have done so, had he lived. His style was heavy; his anxiety to place the House in full possession of all the information bearing on a subject often rendered him tedious; and, unless he was unusually excited his delivery was sluggish and awkward. At the same time, it was impossible not to be struck by the clearness and exactness of his language,—by the facility with which he rendered plain the most complicated subjects,—by the lucidity and compactness of his argument,—and not unfrequently by the vein of grave irony and humour which ran, with the happiest and most forcible effect, through his more serious reasoning. Occasionally, indeed, he would throw off his apparent lethargy, under the influence of a great debate or the stimulus of personal attack. And the vigour with which he then poured forth a stream of the purest and most idiomatic English—the telling directness and weight of his blows—showed that, had he devoted himself to the art earlier in life, he might have become one of the first debaters of his day.

Had the deceased statesman never entered Parliament or held office, he would still have left behind him the reputation of a sound and learned scholar and a distinguished man of letters. It is probable, indeed, that to the latest hour of his life literature was more congenial to his taste than politics. The laborious research and the severe inquiries in which he engaged as an author, while bearing the burthen of some of the most important offices of the Government, showed in the most striking manner his prodigious capacity for work, though they must have tended to shorten his valuable career. We can, however, only allude here to this side of his life; for it is of the statesman that we must speak to-day. Although he had previously occupied a seat at the Poor-law Board, and had filled two subordinate places in Lord J. Russell's administration, he was almost unknown to the public when Lord Palmerston appointed him to be Chancellor of the Exchequer, in 1855. The three years during which he was at the Treasury, falling as they did either during or immediately after the Crimean war, were not favourable to the production of financial novelties; nor did he show any desire to compete with Mr. Gladstone in the parentage of sensation budgets. His only important remission of taxation—apart from the reduction of the war imposts—was the removal of the newspaper stamp. But he proved himself a shrewd and sound man of business. He won the confidence of the City to a greater extent than any finance minister since Sir R. Peel; and although he had to contend against the united opposition of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Disraeli, he generally convinced the House that, if his antagonists had the more fluent rhetoric, he had the better arguments. Outside his own department, he took a prominent and effective part in the debates on the fall of Kars, the Persian war, and the introduction of the bill for transferring the government of India from the East India Company to the Crown. When he relinquished office in 1858 he was generally regarded as, next to the Premier, the most important and influential member of the Government. He did not, as is well known, return to the Exchequer on the formation of the present Administration; and it is difficult to suppose that he can have approved of much that has been done by his successor. Indeed, in his last budget speech, in 1857, he denounced, by anticipation, the principle of abolishing the numerous small import duties; while he threw an abundance of cold water on that reduction of the wine duties which he was destined to sanction as a member of the Cabinet of 1860. As Secretary of State for the Home Department, he was a valuable member of the Government; and while he held the seals there was an entire

absence of those complaints and controversies which have marked Sir George Grey's subsequent tenure of the office. The most remarkable features of this part of his official career were the "double-edged" speeches with which on successive Wednesday afternoons he used to demolish, while appearing to support, the legislative projects of amateur parliamentary reformers or of political dissenters. It may, however, be doubted whether these displays were due so much to conscious art as to incapacity for hiding the discrepancy between his own views and those to which, as the member of a Liberal Government, he was bound to lend an ostensible sanction. There was no doubt as to the heartiness of his scorn for the "unreasoning opposition" offered by the Nonconformists to the religious census. The speech in which he avenged the defeat he was compelled to bear, was one of the most masterly and effective of his Parliamentary displays. His victims long smarted under the biting sarcasms, in which he compared their "uncontrollable and instinctive" prejudices to those of George III. against Catholic Emancipation, and expressed his hope that, eventually becoming as enlightened as Mussulmans, they might abandon, like the latter, their objection to be numbered. When subsequently transferred to the ministry for war, he did his best to conquer an utterly uncongenial subject; but he never succeeded in replacing the loss of Sidney Herbert, although by dint of most assiduous and devoted labour he discharged respectably the onerous duties of the office. It is not, indeed, as an administrator that his loss will be most severely felt. Both the House of Commons and the Cabinet will sadly miss the calm judgment, the high sagacity, the even temper, and the serene composure of mind, which, under circumstances however agitating, he never failed to bring to their discussions. He was one of the men whose presence adds perceptibly to the dignity and authority of any body to which he may belong; and although the country had not yet learnt to value him as he deserved, those who knew him and had watched his career were almost unanimous in regarding him as a future Prime Minister. For that high place he had many eminent qualifications. His caution, his candour, his tolerance for the opinions of others, and his admirable single-mindedness, pointed him out as one fitted to combine and moderate the counsels of colleagues, and to wield an ascendancy which in his hands would have wounded no man's self-respect. Nor is there reason to believe that he would have been found wanting in vigour of action, either as a statesman or a legislator. It is true that he did not possess the confidence of many of his contemporaries in the efficacy of Acts of Parliament. Looking at human affairs by the light of his great historical knowledge, he had none of the impatience which drives men to seek the removal of evils by empirical remedies that only touch symptoms but fail to reach causes. He was disposed to rely for the improvement of society upon the progressive enlightenment of the people rather than upon the meddlesome activity of the Legislature. But in an age when the tendency sets so strongly and mischievously in an opposite direction, we should have seen with satisfaction at the head of affairs a Minister who was possessed of a manly faith in the capacity of Englishmen to bear letting alone. On the other hand, no one was more unsparing in the attack of proved abuses; and his natural boldness of mind would have secured him against vacillation or feebleness when a real exigency required trenchant and decisive measures. His death has reduced to ominously narrow limits the list of those to whom we can look for a successor to Lord Palmerston. Nor is it impossible that at some future day considerable difficulty will be experienced in finding a Premier who can hold together—as he might have done—the disunited sections of the Liberal party, while commanding the respect of the moderate, intelligent, and educated portion of the community.

THE BISHOP OF DURHAM AND THE PRESS.

WE regret to see that the Bishop of Durham, in a letter to his clergy protesting against the subversive doctrines, and, for an officer of the Church, the scandalous example of Bishop Colenso, has gone out of his way to bring a hasty accusation against the bulk of the English periodical literature of the present day. By the etymology of "Bishop," the meaning of that title is, one who sees; but in this case, Bishop Baring sees a great deal more than is to be seen by

the most accurate observer of existing facts; and he must have the rare gift of second sight, popularly ascribed to the Scottish Highlanders, if he can detect, in the habitual conduct of the Press, a general conspiracy to undermine the Christian faith. In justice, therefore, not only to ourselves, but also to the majority of our daily and weekly contemporaries, we must take leave to deny this sweeping charge. We make bold to say that, with a very few exceptions, the prevailing tone of English journalism and its ordinary treatment of subjects incidentally affecting religion are usually such as are consistent with a sincere respect for those time-hallowed convictions of divine truth, upon whose integrity, as we are fully assured, the main fabric of the moral, social, and political welfare of this country depends. What motives indeed could there be to prompt the anonymous directors and writers of these publications, which only exist by virtue of their general agreement with the feelings and prepossessions of the community, to take such a course as the Bishop has rashly imputed to them? Even if there had happened to be some amongst them who were personally unable to share in our common heritage of a Protestant Christianity, bequeathed to this nation by the Reformers of our Church and State in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, when the realm of England was cast into that shape in which, under the Divine protection, it has since grown up, they would probably have been restrained, at least by public spirit and patriotism, from wantonly assailing a system of beliefs so closely and familiarly entwined with the temporal prosperity of this land. As mere politicians, and as professors of mere philanthropy, which all journalists claim to be of course, they must have recognized, in the religious institutions of England, the chief historical security for her well-ordered freedom, and the most powerful agency for relieving, instructing, and improving the lower classes. As practised observers and interpreters of the English mind, they could not have failed to remark how, in that pregnant sentence of three words, which the leader of a great Parliamentary party quoted on a late occasion, "industry, liberty, and religion" form the triple chord of popular sentiments to which, as to the key-note of the English character, the hearts of our fellow-countrymen will always respond. More than our vast commercial enterprise and wealth, more than our perfect enjoyment of civil freedom, the English nation cherish in this, as in former ages, the traditional Christianity of the land of our birth. Does the Bishop of Durham, then, suppose that the men whose special calling and trade it is to comprehend the instincts and likings of the multitude of readers, can so far mistake their business as to attempt to destroy that persuasion which lies at the very bottom of our social life?

There is, we believe, no such disinterested zeal now-a-days for the diffusion of infidelity, as should urge the literary profession to employ itself, without thanks or recompense, in a mischievous task, which would prove not less unprofitable than discreditable to those concerned in it. The editors of our newspapers and critical reviews are generally too well acquainted with the conditions of success in the management of these publications, to risk forfeiting the confidence of their supporters for the vain caprice of attacking the established faith of this Christian country,—even if they were not, as for aught the Bishop of Durham knows they are, personally as good Christians as any of their lay or clerical neighbours, including the wearers of lawn-sleeves who sit on the Episcopal Bench.

We therefore beg him to observe, that there is an antecedent improbability in this charge against the periodical literature of the day, which should have induced him to look more carefully into it, before hazarding so injurious an assertion. We do not, certainly, mean to affirm that any department of the press is perfect. Far from it; we more than doubt if anything on earth is perfect. We have never met with a perfect bishop, or heard a perfect sermon, and we dare say that the Bishop has never met with a perfect editor or read a perfect newspaper, or a perfect article in any newspaper, or indeed found a perfect anything, in this fallen world of ours. There is no gold without alloy, no raiment without a moth, no tree without a worm at its root, no bishop or curate without an obtrusive crotchet, or, may be, a twist in his temper; and no public writer, secular or religious, free from a wrong bias or a particular conceit. England is not a Utopia, and our age is anything but a millennium. We confess that here and there things do sometimes find their way into

print, which not only bishops, but all other ministers of the Gospel, may peruse with natural displeasure. In reference to matters of religion, it is not so much the spirit of free and scientific inquiry that they have to complain of, but the spirit of mockery and malicious derision. Do a few spoiled children of wit and fashion, joined with an arrogant and presumptuous clique who assume to be the arbiters of scholarship and taste, grow intolerant of every manifestation of those profound sensibilities of the religious nature in man, which an Epicurean philosophy can neither satisfy nor explain; indulge their vanity, and display their talent for ridicule, by scoffing at the faults of manner or phraseology which may be detected in the sermons, prayers, and hymns, of a popular congregation? Surely this is an offence against every rule of good taste and good manners, which the superfine school of essayists should be the last to commit. It is inconceivable that men of a certain degree of culture and refinement, boasting of a liberal education, should thus treat with scorn any genuine expressions of those deep instincts of humanity which have in all ages led our frail and mortal race to assemble for religious discourse and worship. The satirist must indeed be reckless and ungenerous, who, in the pursuit of his prey, will not stop at the door of the house of public devotion, but strike at a minister and a people, communing in their own style upon their own spiritual affairs.

Without, then, taking into account one or two publications which are the avowed organs of anti-Christian sects or parties, and whose insignificance may have escaped the notice of the Bishop of Durham, we know but of one conspicuous example of this abuse of literary power. And this is certainly an exception which proves the rule. For if, as we have remarked, no journal circulating in respectable society could, without risking the loss of public favour, frequently and grossly affront the religious sentiments of the community, the periodical to which we refer has usually taken care to select for the objects of its vituperation the Dissenting ministers and the Evangelical clergy, who are farthest removed from the sympathies of its High Church patrons. And it has atoned for these outrages upon the common charity and reverence due to all forms of Christian faith, by an obsequious and deferential behaviour towards that strictest sect of the Anglican Ritualists, who deny all religious fellowship with believers not addicted to the use of church furniture and ceremonial of the Margaret-street Renaissance type. We are not, however, tempted to dwell longer upon this singular exception to the prevailing attitude and temper of English journalism, in regard to Christianity and its professions or ministrations generally throughout the land. In this respect, as well as in the sound moral tone which pervades most of our newspaper and magazine or review writing at the present day, we believe that it will bear comparison with that of any former period, or of any foreign country. Whether the generally irreproachable conduct of the press, as regards all religious topics, is due merely to the skill of its managers in ascertaining the beat of the national heart, by a superior touch or *tactus eruditus* of its pulse, or is the result of their own individual convictions, neither any Bishop nor anybody else can have a right to inquire.

But of this we are sure,—that the Bishop of Durham never perpetrated a greater blunder or made a more unjust imputation than when he charged the English press, as a body, with infidelity and scepticism. The only upholder of Dr. Colenso in the daily press is one which does not applaud his theology or endorse his criticisms, but takes the ground of liberty of thought, and toleration of opinion,—a ground very defensible in itself, but which, in the special instance of Dr. Colenso, as an appointed officer of the Church, is quite inapplicable and foreign to the question of his consistency. We repeat, however, that whatever Dr. Baring may allege, the press is a stranger to avowed and open attacks on the Christian faith. If it sneers occasionally, it is at the expense of those who profess to expound the Bible, not at the Bible itself. If personalities and invectives are indulged in to gratify the prejudices and animosities of party,—or if there be jests upon topics which should not lightly and irreverently be touched,—it is still observed that, upon great occasions, there is, in most of our newspaper writers, a solemnity of tone, a religious and devout feeling—as, for instance, on the death of the Prince Consort,—which attest the strength of such emotions and convictions as Christianity inspires. We regret, therefore, very sincerely that Dr. Baring has hazarded

so indiscreet and ill-considered a charge, not merely because it is unjust, but because it will provoke undesirable retaliation. The way to improve what is bad is to give credit for the good that yet exists. Censure is never more unfruitful than when it is undeserved. We must say, with real regret, that ministers of religion frequently provoke by their indiscretions the assaults they first deplore, and then charge the press with a hostility to religion which is merely the rebuke of some of its inconsistent or intolerant professors. But, returning to our main argument, we insist that no respectable journal can afford to be irreligious. It must be, if it would thrive, the exponent as well as the guide of public opinion. In fact, to charge the press with irreligion is to condemn the people of England. And if the people of England and its exponent, the public press, be what Dr. Baring describes, what has the Church of England been about during the last hundred years?

THE FRENCH EMPEROR AND THE ACADEMY.

A VISIT from the French Emperor to the French Academy is an unusual event. It was occasioned by the election of M. Octave Feuillet, the well-known author, to the vacant fauteuil in that body. For the first time since the inauguration of the second empire, compliments have been openly addressed by an academician to the reigning family in the presence of his brother academicians, and an armistice seems to have been tacitly concluded for the occasion between Napoleon III. and his most relentless antagonists, the men of letters who belong to the French Institute. When Queen Christina, of Sweden, visited long ago the same illustrious assembly, she inquired of the Chancellor whether the academicians ought not to stand before her instead of sitting down. On consultation, it appeared that there was a precedent to be found in the time of Charles IX., in whose presence more than one meeting of literati had been held, at which all present seated themselves, without regard to ordinary etiquette. As soon, therefore, as Queen Christina sat down, all the members took their places in their respective chairs. Compliments were then addressed to her by the director, M. de Mezeray, and his companions. M. de Mezeray repeated to the royal visitor a treatise he had composed recently upon the Passions. M. Cotin recited some translations from Lucretius. Sonnets followed from a couple of abbés; and last of all a dictionary sheet, which was in course of composition, was read aloud. The word under consideration was *Jeu*; and we learn that one of the proverbial expressions under this head which amused the Queen heartily was "*The game of princes, which only pleases the player.*" The proverb would have had a much bitterer inuendo if it had been presented by the present French Academy to the present Empress. Among the body are to be found the most persistent enemies of the present régime; and Paris derives no little amusement at the election of each new academician from the piece of etiquette, which requires that he should be personally presented to his sovereign at the Tuileries by the director and the permanent secretary. M. Villemain, M. Guizot, M. Montalembert and others have had in turn to undergo their part in this uncongenial ceremony, and it is seldom that the visit passes off without some comical incident or *bon mot* to fix it in the memory of the diverted Parisians. His Majesty the Emperor is fully able to hold his own in these little hostile interviews, and the conversation has been known to approach as nearly the pleasant and polished repartee as would be consistent with respect for the Throne. At the reception of M. Lacordaire three years ago, it fell to the lot of M. Guizot and M. Villemain to accompany the new member to the Emperor's apartments, and to receive the congratulations of the chief of the State. "Ah, M. Guizot," said the Emperor, "I am glad to see you again at the Tuileries; pourquoi ne venez vous pas plus souvent chez nous?" Leaving M. Guizot somewhat taken aback by the cordiality of this invitation, his Majesty passed on to M. Lacordaire. "Mon père," he is reported to have said, "l'Impératrice a écouté votre discours avec beaucoup de plaisir (M. Lacordaire bowed with evident gratification) il y a dix ans à Bordeaux," continued the Emperor with a quiet smile, leaving M. Lacordaire to make the best of the reflection that his recent pulpit performances had excited less interest in the highest quarters. Napoleon III. came last to Villemain, the witty and ironical secretary of the Academy, whose sarcasms upon Cæsar and the things of Cæsar are generally supposed to be by no means limited in number or in pungency. "It was with the great possible pleasure, dear M. Villemain," observed his Majesty, "that I signed the day before yesterday the nomination of your son-in-law to a sous-prefecture in the provinces." For a single instant, it is reported,

even M. Villemain was completely silenced by the equivocal and satirical compliment, the Imperialist opinions of one of his connections being naturally a sore point with him. But M. Villemain was not the man to be beaten by an epigram. "Veuillez croire, sire," he quickly returned, "que j'en ai appris les nouvelles avec au moins autant de surprise que de satisfaction."

On the presentation of M. Octave Feuillet there seems to have been an interview of less asperity between the illustrious head of the French nation and the learned heads of the French Academy. M. Vitel and the Emperor talked for some little time on the "Life of Julius Caesar," which is being edited by Imperial hands, and M. Vitel expressed the high anticipations that had been formed of the coming work in the Parisian literary world. The Emperor replied—according to the account that has been given of his words—that though something had been done already, much yet remained to be accomplished before publication, as there were researches to be undertaken, and, in particular, several of the old battlefields to be hunted out which are supposed to be scenes of Caesar's victories. M. Villemain remarked, that "it was a pleasanter task to hunt out old battlefields than to have to make new ones;" and the Emperor in return assured him that nobody could feel the truth of the observation so completely as himself, on whom the campaign in Italy had made an indelible impression. Among other incidents of the conversation the most curious was a casual expression which his Majesty let fall, and which has since been interpreted to mean that he had some idea of presenting himself as a candidate for election to the Academy at a future time. The wags of the French capital are already speculating on the manner in which the canvassing of the other members (which, by the rules of the Academy, must be conducted in person by the applicant) is to take place. The directors of the Academy would be obliged to pronounce an eulogy on the newly-elected academician; who, on his side, is bound to eulogize his recently deceased predecessor; and if the post of Victor Hugo or of the Duke de Broglie, or of some similarly-minded Academician, is the vacant one to which his Majesty succeeds, the complication will be increased. Napoleon III. pronouncing a funeral oration over Victor Hugo would be a quaint and instructive sight. It is, however, a little premature to speculate on the details of a ceremony which will not, probably, ever take place. It is true that the First Napoleon obtained, on account of his scientific attainments, a seat in the French Institute. He was not, however, an Emperor when elected, but a simple general; and moreover he was the private and personal friend of several scientific men. Great as is his imperial nephew, the laurel wreath of the Academy is not within his reach. Though his own genius and education are of a decidedly high order, the present régime is too unfavourable to men of letters for the Academy and the Emperor not to remain in the position of antagonistic powers. Intellectual capacity does not seem to be developed under the Second Empire, in spite of the obvious efforts of the present Ruler of France to gather men of learning and literary acquirements round his throne. There are no great generals who have been formed under the Empire, say the French. There are no great authors who belong to the Imperialist cause any more than there are great generals. Whatever be the reason of this, the first seems incontrovertible. Possibly there is an element of vulgarity in Imperialism that upsets the somewhat refined cynics and critics who lead the literary world of France. Certainly the effect of Imperialism has been to close the avenue of political distinction against all literary men except those who have given in their adhesion to Napoleonism; and Imperialist sentiments would sit badly on the greater number of French Academicians. The Emperor is not Augustus, and the Academy will never allow him to take the lead of French literature. The "Life of Cæsar" may prove that the French Emperor deserves under better auspices to be an Academician; but it never will prove that there is not an impassable gulf between the Academy and the Empire.

It is, however, tolerably certain that the French Emperor possesses literary talents of a very high kind. The "Idées Napoléoniennes" contains passages of remarkable merit; and some of the disquisitions in the imperial work are models of clear and condensed thought. The style is somewhat inflated, reminding one, in the more sentimental parts, of Mr. Disraeli, whose oratorical vein, in many respects, is not unlike the Emperor's. Both have the same grandiloquent way of generalizing upon political subjects, and expressing the result of such generalization in a sounding epigram. "France," says his majesty, "is the only country that goes to war for an idea." "England," said Mr. Disraeli in the same magnificent manner, "does not love coalitions." When Louis Napoleon, from the fortress of Ham, tells us that the Government of the Orleanists is an educational tyranny, we seem almost to hear Mr. Disraeli

talking of Sir Robert Peel's Ministry as an organized hypocrisy. Whether the French Emperor has been as guilty as his great English antetype of sentimental and romantic writing, it is almost impossible to say. If he has written anything of the kind, it has certainly been suppressed. It is difficult to believe Napoleon III. a poet; yet if imagination, and an impulsive temperament are distinguishing features of a poet, it is not impossible that Louis Napoleon may have sighed and sung in his day, like lesser authors. His political speeches are admirable, though they are only suited for a Continental audience; and his despatches eclipse the despatches of our humble and constitutional Foreign Office both in dignity and power of expression. Of his capacities for reasoning, Mr. Cobden is said to think extremely highly, and he has had no doubt an opportunity of judging; but it is perhaps natural that an apostle should lose himself in admiration of the reasoning powers of his first Imperial convert. What he has published on the subject of artillery was more valuable at the time of its publication than it would be at the present day, since rifled guns have altered in some measure the science of military tactics. Yet it is believed that all the late improvements in French artillery have been made under his direct supervision; and military men are by no means unanimous in their condemnation of the conduct of the Italian campaign. His administrative abilities seem to be consummate; and the general organization of the war, which was undoubtedly admirable, was on all hands allowed to be entirely his own. His merits as a political thinker have frequently been criticised, and must be measured partly by his success. But his fertile powers of invention, his great activity and receptivity of mind, his breadth and liberality of view, his restless ingenuity, his turn for novel schemes and ideas, combined as they are with an extraordinary caution and sobriety, even apart from his mere political talent, would distinguish him as a man of extraordinary character. Whatever he had been—as a general, an engineer, or a merchant,—he could have raised himself to fame and fortune; and though his rank and his circumstances exclude him from the French Academy, there is probably not a single academician of the day who is mentally his equal.

THE LOSS OF H.M.S. ORPHEUS.

THE wreck of one of her Majesty's ships is literally a national disaster; but when it is not only the loss of a ship, but of a ship's company, that we have to lament, it is a calamity that comes home to the hearts of us all with something of the acuteness of a personal bereavement. As it is often, and justly, said of the recognition of living worth, we do not know how proud we are of our men-of-war until, by some mischance, we lose them.

No Englishman ever gazed without secret emotion at a frigate bearing his country's flag, as she lay at Spithead, under orders for some distant station, or preparing to go into harbour and dismantle after three years' faithful and laborious service. There she is, in all her bravery and promise, like youth in all the restless audacity of life, straining to be gone from home and to try its fortunes on the great highway of the world. To-morrow, at daylight, she will lift her anchor, and her next salute will be to shores upon which the sun is setting as she weighs from England. There she is again, shore-bound and weather-beaten, but as resolute and ready as an outward-bound, reposing in her shadow at the dear old anchorage after her round of duty and adventure.

In that ship dwells, as its very soul, the concentration of all the qualities and virtues that make or keep a nation great,—courage, obedience, honour, daring, patience, enterprise, discipline, self-denial, devotion to duty, love of home. A war-ship is always a striking and picturesque object, but to an English eye a ship that bears a British pennant is as the sacred ark of his country's strength, and in his secret soul he worships her. And so he finds it very difficult to believe that a British man-of-war can actually be lost, like a mere merchantman. Indeed, such a casualty is so exceptional, that it seems more like a visitation than an accident. Not only are her Majesty's ships understood to be the strongest and most enduring structures afloat, built of the best materials, put together by the most skilful workmanship, furnished and "found" with the exactest and completest care; but they are known to be commanded and officered by men with whom the glorious traditions of the service are a second religion, who are trained and taught from their youth up to meet and conquer all the hazards and dangers of the sea, to guard against all possible contingencies, to deal with the severest emergencies. In the course of his examinations for promotion, there is no conceivable situation of difficulty or peril, to try the resources of seamanship to the utmost, which a naval officer has not

mastered. In the regulations, which are his text-books, it may be said that he is not left an instant, by day or night, without the most precise and detailed instructions for his guidance, whether at sea, or in approaching land, or in port. In short, in his purely nautical capacity the naval officer can seldom be said to be without instructions. It is rather in his occasional diplomatic capacity that the soundness of his judgment is put to the proof. As to coolness, promptness, and decision under stress, they are, of course, the alphabet of the seaman's education. Still, however comprehensive and precise naval regulations may be, they cannot provide for all contingencies. They must leave a wide margin for the discretion of the executive officer in command. It is one thing to regulate in advance the manœuvres of an army, and another to lay down inflexible rules for the thousand unforeseen vicissitudes of a ship at sea. Efficiency and economy, avoidance of all unnecessary risk and all superfluous expense—these are general principles dictated by a due regard for the inestimable national property (of which the ship's material value is the smallest part) committed to their charge. Let us apply them to the melancholy catastrophe of *H.M.S. Orpheus*, wrecked on the 7th of last February on a harbour bar on the coast of New Zealand, in broad daylight, and in fine clear weather.

H.M.S. Orpheus, a new corvette of 21 guns, 1,706 tons, and 400-horse power, was commissioned in the autumn of 1861 by Captain Burnett, C.B., to carry his flag as commodore on the Australian station. She was selected for this important command on the most distant and most extensive of stations, as the finest ship of her class. It was her first commission, but she was already a favourite at the yard where she was fitted out; and all who had a hand in her construction and her fitting out were proud of her splendid lines, her spacious decks, her sailing qualities, and her steaming power. The command of the Australian station requires a fast, a powerful, and a roomy ship; and the *Orpheus* was as big as one of Nelson's second rates, and twice as effective for all fighting and sea-going purposes. The *Trent* difficulty found the *Orpheus* at Spithead; and her destination was suddenly changed. She was ordered to convoy the *Melbourne* transport to Halifax. To conduct a clumsy steamer laden deep with stores and munitions of war across the Atlantic in the dead of winter was a trying service, and it was performed most creditably by the corvette in the teeth of a tremendous gale. When the *Trent* difficulty was arranged, the *Orpheus* was again under orders for Sydney, and left Bermuda for her station in the spring of last year. Since he took up his command, Commodore Burnett had visited the principal Australian stations; and at Sydney, Hobart Town, and Melbourne, the *Orpheus*, her officers, and crew were held in the highest estimation and regard. On the 31st of last January the *Orpheus* sailed from Sydney, on her first visit to New Zealand. After a fine quick run of seven days, she made the western coast of the North Island, about eight miles from the Manukau Head, at daylight on February 7; and at about half-past twelve she was seen off the Manukau Bar, under steam and canvas, and proceeding towards the bar with a strong wind, S.W. to S.W.N., "with occasional light squalls, and steering the course laid down in Captain Drury's sailing directions, E. and N.E.E." The signal from the pilot station, reports Lieut. Hill, had been flying since 11.20 a.m.: "Take the bar." The commodore and the master were very attentive with the chart on the bridge, and very particular in the steerage of the ship, and in the orders to the engine-room to keep the steam at command. The signal man and signal officer were on the look-out. It was high water at 12.20. It was 1.20 when the ship approached the bar, and at 1.30 she touched lightly on the afterpart, when the commodore gave the order, "Give her all the steam you can."

At about 1.40 the ship struck forward, broached to with her bows to the northward lurching heavily, and the rollers from the westward making a clean breach over her. The *Orpheus* was doomed to complete destruction. First, the port-quarter boats were carried away, then the decks broke up, then the masts went by the board. Officers and men, inspired by the noble example of their chief, behaved admirably. The commodore ordered the pinnace and cutter away with the ship's books and records, under charge of the paymaster, who was acquainted with the place on shore. These boats had great difficulty in clearing the ship against a strong ebb tide; the launch was capsized. The commodore, commander, first lieutenant, and master took refuge in the tops, and the crew in the rigging; and, one after the other, were swept away into the devouring sea. Out of a crew of 260 souls, only seventy escaped; some into the boats, some taken off by a colonial steamer from pieces of the floating wreck. Commodore Burnett, loved and honoured and prized by all, refused to leave his ship to

the last, and died, as British sailors die, an example of heroic duty and devotion.

The causes of this lamentable loss are only too easily explained. The simplicity of the disaster adds to its poignancy. It was not in the darkness of a tempestuous night, or in a fog, but at noon-day, in the broad sunshine, that the *Orpheus* deliberately sought and found destruction, "in the twinkling of an eye." From daylight to noon the ship was, it seems, waiting off the bar and getting up her steam to go in. Not one of her executive officers knew anything more of the coast than he found in Captain Drury's sailing directions. And there was a bar harbour of shifting sand liable to a sudden change of depth from tide to tide. Her Majesty's ships, we believe, are not allowed to enter a strange port without a pilot. For the English Channel they have Channel pilots. Did the *Orpheus* fire a gun or make signal for a pilot? There was a pilot boat at Manukau; yet the pilot went on board the colonial steamer, bound to Wellington, at 12.30,—precisely the time when the *Orpheus* was approaching the bar,—instead of going out to her Majesty's ship. The pilot station was content to make signal to a ship of 1,706 tons, drawing at least 22 feet of water, and a perfect stranger to the coast, to "take the bar,"—a bar of shifting sand which was known at the pilot station to have shifted considerably to the northward since Captain Drury's survey, by which alone the *Orpheus* could be steering, was taken. The pilot takes charge of a small local steamer, as familiar with the harbour as a Margate steamer with the Nore, and makes signal to the *Orpheus* to "take the bar." Was the *Orpheus* justified by the regulations of the service, or by ordinary prudence, in taking the bar without a pilot on board, on the faith of a flag flying over the pilot station? No doubt, had the ship driven or scratched across the bar in tolerable safety, it would have been remembered on the station as a daring feat. But prudence in such a case is the first law of her Majesty's service. There was no necessity for the *Orpheus* to go in upon that tide; and it must be remembered that she crossed the bar upon an ebb tide, with a strong wind, almost dead aft, and consequently a heavy rolling sea; by no means a favourable opportunity for taking the bar, even had Captain Drury's directions held good; whereas in fact those directions had become nothing better than an invitation to suicide. Across the middle channel a spit of sand had formed; and on this spit the *Orpheus* struck.

And when the ship was irrecoverably lost, it is doubly painful to be assured that there was a lifeboat drawn up on shore; that a local steamer had only left the harbour an hour before; and that within twenty-five miles there were one of her Majesty's ships and a colonial steamer, which were only sent for when all that remained of the *Orpheus* was a stump of mast and a few ribs, and 190 of the bravest officers and seamen in the world lay engulfed among the breakers. All honour to the gallant and lamented dead! But it is due to a mourning nation and to her Majesty's service—that national property of inestimable price—we speak of the lives of British sailors; of Commodore Burnett, Commander Burton, Lieutenant Mudge, and Mr. Strong, and their noble company of seamen,—should not again be thrown away, for want of a pilot, on a treacherous harbour bar.

"THE MIDNIGHT MISSIONS."

MR. COBDEN has been writing to a friend in Nottinghamshire on the prevalence of what is called "the Social Evil" in our large towns. He speaks of the growing disparity in the number of the sexes, of the great excess of women over men, owing to the spread of emigration among the latter, and to the multitudes who are sent abroad in the army and other public employments; and he expresses himself in favour of the police regulations adopted in Continental cities, which he considers more favourable to morality as well as to decency than the absence of such regulations here. Yet the upshot of his letter is that, practically, he "can offer no suggestion" on the subject. That is, unfortunately, the conclusion at which most men who have considered the question have stopped short. There are certain evils which appear incurable, or, at least, only curable by some slow and not very definite process, affecting the whole structure of society, and partially even the tendencies of human nature. The real curative process grows not so much out of conscious effort in the particular direction needing it, as out of the general education and moral improvement of the people. Poverty is one of these grim puzzles; crime is another; the systematic immorality of large towns, and even of rural districts (for they are far from exempt from this particular evil), is a third. And the last is, perhaps, the most difficult of any to deal with. Both poverty and crime fluctuate every now and then in their degrees of intensity,

and we see that certain conditions are favourable to their development, and that other conditions have the effect of reducing them to a minimum. The form of immorality to which we now refer is not easily proved to come under such certain laws. Its amount, however, will perhaps oscillate with the rate of wages or with the variations of national prosperity; it may be discouraged, though not suppressed, by the spread of education; and it may be fostered or checked in some degree by the prevalence of certain fashions, habits, and opinions. Still, it holds on steadily from generation to generation, increasing as the people increase in numbers, and seeming to defy all the influences which wisdom, philanthropy, and religion can bring to bear against it. A virtuous or a vicious court has an effect on *manners*, and that in itself is much; but its power over the *morals* of a nation is almost inappreciable. The amount of irregular living in this respect is, perhaps, as great under the pure and matronly rule of Queen Victoria as in the profligate and unblushing days of the Regency. The drunkenness of that period is no longer found among our educated classes; the coarse language, the loud swearing, the brute ruffianism of aristocratic patrons of the ring and the cock-pit, have yielded to more decorous ways; yet the streets of London still bear witness nightly to the corruption that is rife in all classes of society.

It is calculated that, in the metropolis alone, there are fifty thousand women who live by open immorality; that in the three kingdoms there are four hundred thousand; and that upwards of forty thousand perish annually, by disease, by destitution, or by suicide. These numbers are probably much exaggerated; but there can be no doubt that the army which Profligacy has at its command is a very large one. The miseries of this state are manifold; the average duration of life among its victims is only about five-and-twenty years; yet that unhappy army never wants recruits. Mr. Cobden, as we have seen, points to emigration as one of the causes by which a large number of young women, being deprived of their natural protectors and of all chance of obtaining husbands, are made liable to fall into this course of life; but the evil existed before the days of emigration, as it exists now. In Australia, the disproportion of the sexes lies in the other direction; the women are so few in comparison with the men, that wives, to speak in commercial language, are at a premium; yet at Melbourne, we learn, this form of evil flourishes as rankly as it does in London. As the facts of the case are so disheartening, the ladies and gentlemen who, during the last few years, have interested themselves in the reformation of fallen women, deserve all the greater praise for persisting in their humane and self-devoted efforts. We are far from saying that those efforts have been without the good fruit which was to be expected from them. On the contrary, there can be no doubt that they have done a great deal of good in individual cases, and that they deserve the support of all benevolent and thoughtful persons. But, if it be supposed that the "Midnight Missions" will go to the root of the evil, we fear that their promoters are doomed to much disappointment; and it would be a pity if, in the despondency likely to ensue on the failure of exaggerated hopes, this attempt were to be suddenly abandoned, and the positive and practical advantage were to be lost, which we have, with sincere gratification, already perceived.

The good which the movement has effected, and which it may continue to effect, if wisely ordered, is this:—Among the host of abandoned women who disgrace the imperfect civilization of our age, there are some who have fallen from purity, in the first instance, through misfortune or inadvertence, or through the weakness of natures too easily impressionable, or by the treachery of male companions; women who hate the life to which they have been reduced, and who would gladly escape from it, but who are constantly repelled and beaten back, in their conscious misery, shame, and self-abhorrence, by the cruelty of their relations, or by the stern countenance of the world towards them. To all of this class of women, the organisers of the "Midnight Meetings" offer the opening of a better path. The prayer-meetings, or the exhortations of the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel and others, may now and then convert to better thoughts some of those women who previously had no desire to change their way of living; but it is probable that in most of these instances the effect is but a temporary impression. In the third report of the "Home of Hope," which now lies before us, the cases alluded to are those of girls who were not originally vicious, but who had erred through misplaced affection, and were afterwards driven to systematic immorality, as a means of getting their livelihood, in despair of recovering the position which they had lost. In most of the cases of those actually reclaimed, they had been in the streets for a brief time only—sometimes but a few weeks, or even a few days. To rescue such unhappy girls from the wretchedness of a mode of life which they had scarcely commenced,

and had not sought by choice, is a good and necessary work; but its success in these instances must not lead us to hope that all can be reclaimed. It would be chimerical, and even mischievous, to suppose that the sum of this vice can be greatly diminished by such agencies. The fact is disgraceful to our human nature, but it is not to be gainsaid that female degradation follows the ordinary commercial laws of supply and demand. While men continue vicious and women weak, the Haymarket will not lack its votaries and its victims. Still, that is no reason why a helping hand should not be extended to those who would fain extricate themselves from the toils which circumstances have wound around them. This is the real benefit conferred by the Midnight Meetings on the class to which they appeal. They have offered a means of escape to all who desire it. It is true that penitentiaries and refuges existed before, but not to the extent demanded, and the very fact of their existence was not sufficiently known. The promoters of the movement seek out the women in their nightly haunts, and invite them to meetings, at which they are exhorted to a better life, and offered immediate admission to one of the "Homes" or "Refuges" in connection with the society, if they are willing to accept it. There are now thirteen institutions of this kind in London, besides institutions of an older date.

The girls undergo a probationary period of moral and religious training, and are then sent to their homes, or provided with decent situations. Some of them afterwards marry, and make good wives; others go to the colonies, where a new future of honest industry is open to those who have the moral courage to avail themselves of the chance. All this is excellent; but it leaves the main evil untouched. The statement of results in the "Third Annual Report of the Midnight Meeting Movement," just issued, shows how little the most zealous and painstaking agency can effect. It appears that thirty-three meetings have been held, that 7,500 women have heard the Gospel read, that 50,000 Scripture cards, books, and tracts have been circulated, but that only 500 girls have been rescued. Of these, moreover, a certain proportion (about thirty or forty) have relapsed. This has been the result in London during a period of three years. Taking the whole kingdom, it would seem that the proportion has been about 1,000 rescued out of 10,000 addressed; so that the per centage is apparently greater in the country than in the metropolis. We are the more disposed to dwell on these figures, because we detect a tendency on the part of the organizers of the meetings to exaggerate their influence. The result sometimes contrasts with the language which heralds its announcement, in a way that would provoke a smile, if the subject were not so painful, and, we may add, so sacred. A meeting in the Bagnigge-wells-road, for instance, is thus described:—

"One of the most interesting and successful meetings connected with this 'work of faith and labour of love,' was held in the Lecture Hall, Bagnigge-wells-road, King's-cross, on the night of Tuesday, the 14th October, when the invitations presented in the streets of that locality were responded to by upwards of one hundred and twenty of our fallen sisters, who began to assemble about eleven o'clock. They were then plentifully supplied with refreshments. This part of the evening's engagements occupied about an hour, after which the poor girls were addressed by four gentlemen, well acquainted with the work, and the class addressed. The attention was remarkable, and tears flowed down many of their faces. Many earnest and believing prayers were presented at the throne of grace, and the whole assembly of these poor wanderers fell upon their knees, with clasped hands, crying for mercy."

Of these one hundred and twenty, who, we are told, exhibited such fervent devotion over night, only six applied next morning at the office of the society in Red Lion-square for admission to the various homes. The other one hundred and fourteen, or upwards (for the numbers are not exactly stated), made no further sign. At another meeting there were only six applications out of nearly 390 women attending. The society, we fear, is sometimes misled by its own enthusiasm—a very natural result, since without enthusiasm a work of this kind could not be carried on. Apparently, the greater number of women following a vicious mode of life do not care to abandon it; and these women are seldom permanently affected by appeals to their conscience or to their religious sense. It is a mistake to suppose that all the girls to whom the society addresses itself are the victims of seduction in the first instance. Many have acted with deliberation and vicious resolve. The woman who was murdered last week in George-street, St. Giles's, was an example of this. She had not even the excuse of poverty. She was a needlewoman—an industrious worker, and usually a quiet girl; but every few weeks she was seized with an uncontrollable tendency to depraved indulgence, which had become the habit of her life.

We are disposed also to object to the tone of self-complacency which appears to have been developed in most of the reclaimed

women. One of the vices of some professedly religious teaching is that it encourages in the repentant this high-flown style of protestation. Not a murderer is hung, but we are treated with his exhortations to all the world to do as he has done—since he has been in prison; and there is a peculiarly offensive way on the part of these Newgate saints of ostentatiously “forgiving” all men. The same habit of lecturing others from the pulpit of a false egotistical self-appreciation appears in some letters written by the reclaimed inmates of the “Homes of Hope,” which are printed by the association.

The committee of the Home of Hope, in Regent-square, in their report make some remarks upon the frightful prevalence of infanticide, which has increased during the last few years to an alarming degree; and in the hope of diminishing cases of this kind, they “have opened a separate fund, out of which to pay for the child at nurse, while the mother is under their care at the Home, and for a short time when she is at service, or otherwise honestly and respectably employed, until her wages become due, and she is able to pay for the child herself.” This design is a very humane one, and it deserves consideration. But we fear that women generally murder their illegitimate infants, not so much from inability to support them as from fear of exposure and shame, and from a desire to conceal the birth of the child. Popular feeling in England bears with terrible severity on all lapses from female virtue; and it is the dread of encountering this condemnation that drives so many women into violation of the very instincts of maternity.

EDUCATION IN ITALY.

WE think there is no subject in which the true friends of Italy will feel greater interest than that of education. Free institutions without moral and industrious habits in the people, without manly spirit and self-reliance, without minds trained to respect the laws of the country and the rights of fellow-citizens, would be like an exotic plant obliged to live a forced life in a hothouse, but never take deep root, and cast their beneficent shade over the whole country, so as to foster and protect its moral progress and material prosperity. We are, therefore, as true well-wishers to the new Italian kingdom, particularly anxious to know that the regeneration of the Italian people, and especially of that portion most in need of regeneration, is likely to be promoted by that agency, which, however slow, is the only effectual means of attaining this result—viz., education.

When we speak of popular education in Italy, however, we take a field too large to treat of it under one general point of view. There are historical precedents in each of the old States, which throw some light on their present educational condition and wants.

In Piedmont, of course, the legislation has been more extensive and liberal, and the activity more intense, during the last fourteen years, than elsewhere. In Lombardy the Austrians found a system of primary instruction organized by the government of Eugène Beauharnais, and respected it, though they made the schools instrumental for enforcing upon people's minds peculiar notions of religious and political despotism. The Church Catechism, compulsory in the Lombard and Venetian schools, contained, after the precept that we must love, obey, and fear God above all things, a question, to which the child was made to answer, that, next to God, he must love, obey, and fear the Emperor, who was God's representative on earth. In Modena and Parma, the petty sovereigns did not think it necessary to keep such machinery in action as primary schools, even for political purposes. Among the documents of the Ducal Archives of Modena, published in 1860 by Chevalier Farini, the late Premier of the Italian Cabinet, then Dictator of the Emilian Provinces, there is a private letter addressed by the Duke himself to the Rector of the University, in which, acknowledging the receipt of the official report, he congratulated that gentleman that the number of students had sensibly diminished during the last scholastic year!

In Tuscany, from its palmy days of democratic prosperity, rich in endowed schools and institutions for the education of the poor, to which, as well as to the natural docility of her people, she owes her pre-eminence as the most cultivated province of Italy, private and individual exertion filled up the gap left by the negligent public authorities. In the ex-Papal provinces and the Neapolitan States, as in Modena and Parma, the neglect was almost complete. In the first, where all the cities, such as Ferrara, Bologna, Pesaro, Ancona, Sinigaglia, Macerata, and others, had been, till the period of the first French revolution, independent municipalities, under the protection of the Popes, institutions for the education of the people had not been wanting; but the Napoleonic principles of centralization prevailed in Italy at the restoration of the old rulers

and destroyed the last spark of municipal freedom, the real soul of that local self-government under which Italy had flourished. Educational institutions were then intrusted to priests, monks, and Jesuits, and, as usual under these circumstances, almost entirely turned from their original purposes. In Naples, the laws for public instruction, like all the laws of that kingdom, were good; but they were laws on paper alone. Ferdinand II. used to repeat the saying of his intimate friend and prototype, the Emperor Nicholas, that he did not wish to trouble his subjects by thinking, as he thought for them all; on other occasions he said that paper, ink, and the printing-press were the plague of mankind, and that the world would be much happier if paper could be bought only at six ducats (one guinea) the sheet.

Such was the disposition of the Italian rulers before they were swept away in the flood of the wars and revolutions of 1859 and 1860. The new era which began to dawn upon Italy was prevented from shining forth in its full light by an all-absorbing political agitation, revolutionary attempts of the extreme parties, brigandage, and extraordinary military and naval preparations and expenses, which have thrown back this like other departments of social progress, not so much, however, but that some work is going on worthy of notice.

As gradually as the union of the various States into one kingdom took place one after the other, the most important laws of Piedmont became the laws of the whole country. This was done, doubtless, too hastily, and without due regard to local wants; but Piedmont had received a new code of public instruction in 1859, which, though not revised by the Parliament (having been promulgated at the period of the king's dictatorship during the war), was a step in advance of preceding legislation. This law, with little change in minor details, has been in the main adopted through the kingdom.

The main features of this new code are the following:—There is a *Consiglio Superiore di Pubblica Istruzione* of twenty-one members, all appointed by the king, of which the Minister of the department is president. There is a central inspectorship of eight members, four for primary and as many for secondary instruction, one provincial inspector for the first, and one *Provveditore* for the second, and as many district inspectors, for primary instruction only, as there are districts in each province. The public instruction is divided into primary, given in municipal schools; secondary, given in royal establishments called in the first stage *Ginnasi*, and in the second *Licei*; technical, divided also in lower and upper stages, called respectively *Schools* and *Istituti*; and last, the Universities, of which there are no less than twenty-two.

We cannot speak in high praise of the way in which all these branches have been made to harmonize among themselves, whilst all connected with the central government, nor of the way in which the courses of studies are arranged. There is a sad chaos of ideas as to the duties of the Government, the amount of its interference, the methods, the discipline, and the training of the youth in keeping with the requirements of the age and the institutions of the country, more especially in the secondary, classical, and technical branches, and in the universities. But we limit our remarks to the education of the people.

The duty of establishing and paying for elementary instruction devolves on the municipalities. The right to instruct the teachers belongs to the Government; the municipalities appoint them on the production of the certificates of the Normal School. When the communes are too poor to pay a master, the prefect, that is to say, the governor of the province, on the advice of the standing sub-committee of the provincial council elected by the people, pays him out of the provincial fund. The number of schools in each commune must be in proportion to the inhabitants. The school is gratuitous. Attendance is not compulsory, but exhortations are to be addressed by the Syndics to the parents who shall neglect the duty of sending their children to school. The instruction begins at the age of six, and lasts four years. The priests have no right to interfere, except that the curate is required to examine the children in religious instruction. Such are the principal characteristics of the law. The infant school and the education of adults are left entirely to the free agency and benevolence of the more enlightened citizens, who choose to assist the helpless age, and seek to improve the more ignorant members of their communities.

And here we are glad to report circumstances connected with the progress of popular education in Southern Italy, which have some interest, as showing the growing activity and benevolent readiness of the intelligent classes to instruct, as well as the readiness of the ignorant to be instructed. There are to be eighty municipal gratuitous elementary schools, to begin with, only in the city of Naples (the private schools, elementary and classical, were, in

1861, 454). Many of these are already opened, and the rest will be thrown open as soon as school-houses can be found or built in that most crowded city. In the last year, twelve evening schools for adults were instituted. "And it is most comforting and promising," says a letter we have before us, "to see how eagerly ignorant youths and men of the people have come in such numbers as to oblige nearly all the teachers to refuse attendance to very many for want of room. There are by this time about fifteen hundred young men, and men advanced in age, who would never have cared or desired to learn reading and writing, and who now strive to secure a place in the school-room. These facts, reported to the Municipal Council at their last meeting, so engaged the kind feeling of the Councillors, that they immediately passed a series of resolutions well calculated to promote the education of the people. They have granted a sum for a popular library; they have raised the value of two prizes, already voted, for the two best reading-books, one for boys and another for girls; they have resolved to open three more schools for adults, and to found immediately two normal schools for training schoolmasters and schoolmistresses."

We have, besides, under our eyes the account of a sum collected in 1861 by a committee of benevolent ladies and gentlemen for the establishment of infant schools in Naples. It seems that out of 131,838 francs collected, 112,350 were the result of voluntary contributions. All this speaks for itself. But there is the dark influence of the priests. We mean the rich priests, for the poor clergyman in his long worn, reddish black gown will always be found among the majority of teachers in the provisional normal schools, which the Government has wisely instituted in the southern provinces to meet the immediate want of sufficiently trained masters. These poor clergymen—sometimes young, sometimes grey-haired men—would go and sit modestly beside the laymen, taking notes from lectures, so as to be able to present themselves before the committee of professors and inspectors on the examination day, and get a certificate of proficiency, by which they may be useful to their villagers, and add a few hundred francs to their scanty income.

In the cities, however, where there are richly-endowed churches, conspiring bishops, and stiff-necked canons, it is not the same thing. When the first infant-school was opened in Naples with great solemnity by the Prince of Carignano, the parish priests of the ex-metropolis persuaded the women that the schools were to Protestantize their children, and the women, of course, would not send them. The obstacle was partly overcome when the Government found itself obliged to exile the Cardinal Riario Sforza from Naples, and to remove several curates; but it seems the same influence is still in the way, since the letter we have quoted concludes by saying that the Municipal Council "would vote twelve prizes for each of the twelve sections into which Naples is divided, to the *parents* who would show themselves assiduous in sending their children to school the whole year throughout." This measure may be questionable, but when we take it as a sign of a resolve on the part of the promoters of education not to be overruled by priestly influence, we are disposed to approve it.

In the provinces the movement is not less remarkable, though there are localities where brigandage has prevented any active work in this direction taking place. There is already a normal school in the chief place of each province. The provincial inspectors assemble, from time to time, the masters of each district in conference, and discuss in a friendly way important points of discipline or of the art of teaching. Central inspectors and extraordinary commissioners were sent twice last year all over the country to spur the slow municipal bodies into life and action. Monks and nuns are now and then obliged to give up their buildings to the normal, the primary, or infant school; and frequent petitions to the Parliament, or appeals to the Ministry, ask for a portion of the property of religious communities to be appropriated to the assistance of higher schools. There are also several towns of fifteen or twenty thousand inhabitants, where six gentlemen had agreed to teach, by turns, adult men each evening, and where no less than from three to four hundred men, three-fourths of whom were peasants, gave their names and attended to learn reading, writing, and cyphering. All this is still rough work. It requires method, discipline, and organization; but it is a good beginning, and time will do the rest.

The most wonderful fact, however, concerning the South Italian youth, is that brought before the Parliament by the Minister of Public Instruction under Ricasoli, last February—viz., that the sixty-three chairs of the University of Naples were attended, at that period, by 14,000 students; that is to say, a greater number than attended the whole of the rest of the Italian Universities together. We have good reason, therefore, to rejoice at the

benefits, which scarcely more than two years of free government have already brought for that hitherto oppressed and neglected population.

SEWAGE IRRIGATION.

WHAT shall we do with our sewage? is a question asked with some impatience by many who feel the increasing weight of local taxation, ever since the term sewage was introduced into popular language. To most persons, the word conveys ideas of simple filthiness, while others regard it as Johnson did Thrane's brewery, as "the potentiality of becoming rich beyond the dreams of avarice." The first class would be only too glad to learn that the sewage was safely poured into the German Ocean, and Mr. Bazalgette's last bill for getting rid of it duly receipted; while others look upon its prospective loss as the sacrifice of a large portion of our future national prosperity.

Two reports, one by a Government Commission, the other by a Committee of the House of Commons, have been recently published, which will go far to settle this long-vexed question, and to convince all who will give fair attention to the evidence, that the cases must be very few where sewage need be thrown away as valueless; that in most instances a very considerable return may be expected from its judicious use; and that in none need any nuisance from it be endured.

Most persons very naturally suppose that sewage irrigation must be a very disgusting process. This is, however, a complete mistake. Unless used in excessive and wasteful quantity, liquid manure, even when very strong, loses all offensive properties immediately on sinking into the soil; so completely, indeed, that any person unaware of the fact would not discover, a few minutes after its application, that anything except water had been used. Indeed, ordinary sewage has but little odour, and that little may be entirely removed by carbolic acid—an agent so cheap, and the quantity needed so small, that its cost is not a serious impediment to its use. These well-established facts remove all difficulty as to the conveyance of sewage in open channels, wherever that mode of conveyance is expedient and economical, as it generally would be in the open country. The cost of covered conduits *out of town*, and at a distance from dwellings, may, therefore, be entirely avoided, while all need for anxiety is past so soon as the sewage is deposited upon that best of all disinfectants, a fertile soil.

On the next point, namely, the proper quantity of sewage to be used on a given surface of land, there is still wide diversity of opinion; and it is a matter of just complaint, that the Royal Commissioners have not tried decisive experiments to settle this part of the question, as they might have done at least approximately, and certainly ought to have attempted. This much, however, is distinctly proved—first, that very small quantities of manure largely diluted produce very great proportionate increase of fertility; and, secondly, that off land dressed with very large quantities, crops of grass many times as heavy as usual may be obtained. Small dressings produce the greatest returns in proportion to the quantity of sewage used, and large dressings the greatest in proportion to the area of land occupied. As it must cost much less to convey the liquid over a very small, than over a very large area of land, those who seek to get rid of a nuisance without loss will prefer a plan for giving great fertility to a small area; while those who wish to make sewage as productive as possible would willingly encourage a larger first expenditure for spreading the means of fertility over a larger surface. To us there appears little difficulty in so arranging, that the sewage of any town may, in the first instance, be applied to as small a surface as can receive it without becoming a nuisance, and at the same time providing for such a future extension of the works as will afterwards allow such breadth of land to be reached as may be found expedient and profitable; all that is needed being, that no rights to the use of sewage shall be ceded, or be allowed to be acquired, that may afterwards impede useful modifications of the plan temporarily adopted at first.

As no plan for disposing of sewage is likely to find favour with the rate-paying public, which involves a large expenditure, we rejoice to find that at a very moderate cost sewage may not only be "safely got rid of," but be made largely productive. This is proved by experiments conducted at Rugby by Mr. J. B. Lawes, the eminent agricultural chemist, and one of the Royal Commissioners. By these experiments it is seen that extraordinary quantities of sewage may be put upon land without creating any nuisance, without injuring the quality of the grass, and with the effect of increasing its quantity, even in the first season of its use, more than threefold. As the quantity of fertilizing matter contained in the liquid put on the land is double that absorbed by the grass during even the warmer months of the year, when vegetation is

most active, it is evident either that much more manure is put on than is absorbed, and, therefore, that less would produce the same effect, or that there is a large accumulation of it for future increased fertility.

The largest quantity of the liquid used was at the rate of 7,200 tons per acre per annum, though 9,000 tons was the quantity intended to be applied. Its strength was about that of the average of London sewage, or such as would be produced by a population in the proportion of twenty to about 1,000 tons of water per annum; i.e., the sewage of 154 individuals was applied to each acre of land irrigated with 7,200 tons per acre. In that proportion, the sewage of the three million inhabitants of London would supply nearly 20,000 acres of grass-land, i.e., an area of rather more than thirty-one square miles, to reach which would be easy. If this had been the plan originally adopted, a large part of the cost of the main drainage might have been avoided; but that might not have suited either the engineers or contractors of those extravagantly expensive works.

Though this mode of using the sewage produces a far smaller return than may be reasonably expected from distributing it over a much larger area, and therefore using a much smaller quantity per acre, yet, as will be seen, its value even so used is very considerable. Mr. Lawes gives the exact weight of grass cut off plots of the same field, some in their usual condition, the others dressed with different quantities of sewage, showing an increase, for example, from $9\frac{1}{4}$ tons of green grass per acre off unsewaged land, to $14\frac{1}{4}$, 27, and $32\frac{3}{4}$ tons on three plots of the same field treated respectively with sewage in the proportions at the rate of about 2,400, 4,800, and 7,200 tons per acre per annum.

The increase of grass produced varied from three to five tons, and the value of the extra milk obtained from the cows fed on it varied from £5 to £6 for every 1,000 tons of sewage used. The value of the milk produced per acre rose from £10.14s. on the unsewaged land, to £19, £27.7s., and £32 on the three plots dressed with different quantities of sewage as above stated, being an increased value of £5 per 1,000 tons of sewage, when the largest quantity of liquid was used, and £6 per 1,000 tons when less was employed. The gross value of the extra milk was from five to six farthings for every ton of sewage used. Supposing, then, that the sewage of London were applied in the same proportions and with the same effect, it would render 20,000 acres fertile to the same degree, producing an increased gross value of milk, at £22 per acre, of £440,000. The quality of the milk was, we should add, found to be unimpaired.

Though there is of course a great difference between the gross value of the milk (even reckoned at 8d. a gallon, or half its retail price) and that of the grass which produces it, yet it is impossible to believe, as some tell us, that sewage used with such effects would not be well worth paying for. In short, its effect would be to add to every farm a productive power equal to three times as many acres of good grass land as may be thus irrigated; nay, the real benefit to a farm would be much greater than this, for good grass land would not continue good, if the grass were carried off, and no manure supplied; but land thus irrigated gets more than twice as much manure as the crop requires, and therefore all the large quantity produced by the numerous cows fed off it would be available for the rest of the farm, and thus much more land may be supplied with the means of fertility than the comparatively small area that could be so very heavily irrigated.

Strangely enough, this very satisfactory experiment has been supposed to show, that though by such a plan the sewage may be safely and easily got rid of, no profit, or only a very small profit, after paying expenses, is to be expected. This notion is the more strange, since by means of sewage, used in a very similar way near Edinburgh for fifty or sixty years, such extraordinary fertility has been steadily maintained, as to make the land, which was naturally a barren sand, worth above £20 a year per acre; and the owner of 344 acres (260 Scotch acres) claimed £150,000 as compensation, if obliged to give up using the sewage, and actually sold some of the grass land at £520 per English acre, its value being so estimated by a railway jury. At the same rate, the sewage of London applied to 20,000 acres would increase the rent of the land from say £4 to £20 an acre, or of 20,000 acres from £80,000 to £400,000 a year, enough to allow for a very handsome profit, after paying the highest probable sum for works of distribution, which at Edinburgh cost about £16 per acre, being much more than is usual.

Probably, what the objectors mean by saying that the sewage would be wasted by irrigating with such very large quantities, is that they think much better results might be obtained by distributing the fertilizing liquid in more moderate proportions over a

very much larger surface. In this opinion we quite agree. We consider this to be fully proved by the evidence given to the House of Commons' Committee, especially by that of the Earl of Essex (who is chairman of the Royal Commission), and by that of Mr. Philip Pusey, Mr. Alderman Mechi, and Mr. J. Fenton, all of whom have obtained much greater returns, in proportion to the liquid applied, though less in amount per acre, by using much smaller dressings. It does not, however, follow that the plan which would yield the largest gross returns will also yield the largest net profit. That, of course, will be the balance remaining after paying interest on outlay, cost of repairs, and of management; and further experiments are needed to show what will be the most profitable proportion of sewage to use. Enough, however, has been done to prove, beyond all doubt, that a large stream of sewage may, without difficulty, be converted into a stream of wealth; all that is needed being to guard against its being monopolized for individual profit, instead of being, as it ought to be, used for the relief of the public burdens.

It is evident that the only way of preventing monopoly is by securing competition. This must be done by conveying the sewage conduits so as to give access to much more land than is intended to be used; so that the landowners who wish to apply the fertilizing stream may have to compete with each other for the privilege, and therefore be obliged to pay for it in proportion to its value. For this object it will be necessary for the local authorities of towns to be empowered to construct such sewage conduits as will be necessary to obtain access to an extensive area of land, upon paying full compensation for any property interfered with, and with proper securities to guard against any injury or annoyance being occasioned. If this just power be conferred, and if the unjust, injurious, and illegal practice of polluting rivers by discharging filth into them be effectually restrained, nothing can prevent an early development of sewage irrigation, to the great advantage of all concerned. Rivers may be restored to their native purity, the land increased enormously in fertility, the ratepayers of towns much relieved from the heavy burden of local taxation, and the supply of food, especially of milk, greatly augmented.

ART AND SCIENCE.

THE FRENCH AND FLEMISH EXHIBITION.

THE French and Flemish painters seem to have fairly taken their stand upon English ground, and a very good thing it is that the artists of other countries and of different styles in art should meet in fair comparison. There are points in which our own painters may take a hint from both the French and Flemish schools, and if we could have had here some of the larger works of those painters, no doubt there would be found other and even more important examples for improvement. At the same time, it must be said for the English painters—more especially those who study in landscape—that they can still give a lesson to all the world. We have only to compare the painting of M. Achenbach, of the Flemish school, and a very accomplished painter,—of M. Auguste Bonheur, M. Troyon, or M. Frere (Theodore Charles), with the works of corresponding English artists in landscape, cattle, and Eastern scenery—as, say, the works of Mr. F. R. Lee, R.A., Mr. Stanfield, R.A., Mr. Sidney Cooper, A.R.A.; and for Eastern landscape Mr. D. Roberts, R.A., or Mr. J. F. Lewis—to acknowledge the superiority of the English painter of this style for all in all. It is in the style called, for want of a better term, *genre*, that the French and Flemish painters surpass us; we have nothing that can be compared with the works of M. Meissonier and his school, and the highly-finished style of conversation pictures of the Belgian and modern Dutch artists—a style well exemplified in the present exhibition by the pictures of M. Alfred Stevens and M. Pierre Knarren. M. Edouard Frere stands almost alone in domestic *genre*; perhaps the only painter of our school to be likened to him is Mr. Faed, and he possesses more power and a more extended view of his art, without, however, that nice perception of the rude and simple sentiments of peasant life and children which is so remarkable in M. Frere. We fancy it may be perceived that our painters have benefited by looking at the work of such artists as Meissonier, Louis Gallait, Edouard Frere, and the Bonheurs, with Madame Henriette Brown; all of whom have been constantly to be seen at the French Exhibition during the last ten years, thanks to the enterprise of Mr. Gambart. More than one instance of the influence of Meissonier, for example, might have been noticed in the exhibitions already open, and when the Academy comes to be seen, the remark will, we apprehend, be found to hold good in reference to that exhibition. What our painters have to learn may be found in the free and perfect drawing, the living movement, and the exact relations of form and colour arising between figures and objects, as seen in a group of Meissonier's. His single figure of "The Etcher" (79) cannot be taken as exactly indicative of his excellence, because it does not display his power of separating a group such as the admirable "Corps de Garde" exhibited last year; but it abounds with beauties. Perhaps nothing finer in its way

has been seen than the painting of the effect of light dispersed through the paper shade upon the objects before "The Etcher." The nicety with which this has been contrasted with the brighter light shed over the figure and throughout the rich-toned interior is something wonderful. There is nothing of that apt expression of some interchange of thought passing between the two persons, which this artist has a great faculty of suggesting by the completeness of his figures in attitude and countenance; still, this Etcher, in his indolent mood, with cigar in hand, is as full of life and as earnest as "The Flute Player" or "The Student." It would be surprising if any pupil of this master could paint as he does. M. Ruiperez cannot do this, nor is he so wanting in good taste as to imitate his teacher; he has learned the method of study, and he practises it with considerable success, as must be said of the four excellent works he exhibits this year. None, perhaps, are quite as happy in colouring as his "Gambling Soldiers" last year, but they are all remarkable for good picturesque grouping and admirable drawing; while, in the "Guitar Player" (96)—a soldier of a party of four in the seventeenth century costume, playing and singing to his comrades, with a delightfully swaggering air—the expression of the men listening and puffing their clay pipes is admirably well given. In the group listening to the reading of a manuscript, the expression of the attitude and face is so precisely true, that we become as it were one of the party, and curious to know what is the subject of their thoughts. Those who fall out with Meissonier and his school,—M. Eugene Pelletan, for example, in his "Nouvelle Babylone,"—despise all this excellence as evincing a degraded taste. It is not "high art" certainly, if by that term we mean the grand and beautiful of Raffaele or Michael Angelo, since it aims to represent no lofty conceptions of the ideal, but it possesses a certain dignity from its beautiful truth and animated expression. It should be borne in mind, too, that while the greatest of men, after the example of Leonardo and others, first drew their compositions "in little," and afterwards on the grand scale, the method pursued and taught by Meissonier is to study the work first from the life, making a large cartoon of the subject, and then reducing it carefully to the small scale chosen for the finished picture. The method is reversed, but the purpose is the same in both. We say that these small works are not despicable as low art, because they involve the highest study that can be bestowed upon such subjects. It is true Meissonier has become a fashion, and his works have a value not to be guessed at by their size; they would not suit the collection of some millionaires, who hang pictures of the old masters on their walls, because they look comfortable and noble; but it speaks well for the taste of English connoisseurs to find that Meissonier is appreciated here as warmly as Louis Gallait and Paul Delaroche. M. Henry Leys will be remembered as the painter of those extraordinary pictures in the International Exhibition, painted in the style of the fifteenth century, and with the most surprising knowledge of costume. He has contributed a large work to this exhibition, representing in the same manner the entrance of Archduke Charles into Antwerp in 1514, swearing to observe the existing laws and privileges of his new subjects. We will not attempt to describe this picture; it should be seen as a curious instance of a perversity, only equalled by the defunct heresy of pre-Raffaellism amongst our painters. The ability displayed is not to be disputed, but it shows such a disregard of all the artifices of modern painting, that we naturally say, if this be right, then Delaroche, and Gallait, Maclise and Herbert, with a host of their followers, must be wrong.

M. James Tissot, a painter evidently of more sensibility and less antiquarian knowledge than M. Leys, has chosen to adopt a similar manner, in which he shows us how "Faust and Marguerite in the Garden" (117)—that subject so beautifully treated by Ary Scheffer, where Gretchen pulls the flower to pieces as she whispers "Love me, love me not,"—can be represented as repulsive in colour, coarse in suggestion, and altogether unworthy the theme of Goethe. Imagine Faust in a black cloak and Marguerite in an elaborate embroidered skirt, sitting on a crimson painted garden-seat against a pear-tree without leaves, stretching its ugly limbs like a strange demon upon the trellis-work! (118) "Young Luther at Church" has merit in the figure of Luther, looking at the *memento mori* lit up before the people in the church, but as a whole it is but a laboured and heavy production. M. Luyte, in his "Toy-shop of Antwerp, fifteenth century," shows that he is disposed to become an imitator of this style. By M. Edouard Frere there are four pictures, two of which are in his very best manner,—"Breakfast-time at the Farm" (34) and "The Arrival at School" (36). The former of these, which is larger than he generally paints, represents a very humble family of a poor French farmer taking their meal of porridge,—the old grandmother, the father feeding one little child, and the eldest girl another, the scraggy elder boy and the wife filling up the group, which is beautifully lit up by warm light from a primitive window. We have compared the fine qualities in this work with Mr. Faed's painting; it is equally rich and luminous, and the figures are touched with the same feeling for rustic life and character. The picture of "The Schoolboys" is in his humorous vein; a great hulking fellow in corduroy, either by fair words of schoolboy diplomacy or by threats, has made an unsuspecting little chap show how many apples he has got in his basket, with a purpose unmistakable in his greedy face.

M. Alfred Stevens' picture is (110) "A Conversation at the Window." Three ladies, two of whom, in dark dresses, are sitting within the room at a low glass door, and one, in a light muslin, is outside in the sunlight, working at embroidery, and deep in some

story she tells to the other two, who seem to be not so much entertained, as they are inclined to laugh in their sleeves at their talkative companion. All this is told with such a charm of colour, in every nuance and quiet repose of tint, as is very delicious to the eye.

M. Knarren's picture of "The Fortune-teller" (59) is chiefly noticeable as an example of the highest finish; the pink silk brocaded dress is really a marvel of technical skill, and the faces are by no means insignificant.

M. Gerome's "Camels at the Fountain" (42) would not indicate in any way, unless it were by the good drawing of the camels, that it was the work of the same hand that painted "The Gladiators" and the "Diogenes;" it is terribly opaque in colour.

The landscapes, as we have already hinted, are almost too poor to call for any remark; there is not one that we have the patience to speak of. They are altogether mistaken in their view of nature; they have none of the airy grace in the trees and other vegetative forms, no atmosphere, and no sun in the sky. The feebleness of colouring is attempted to be overcome by forcing the lights and shadows. There is a general want of reflected warm light, and a lack of that natural sobriety and chasteness which our painters obtain, and which are, in fact, proper to natural landscape.

MUSIC.

HER MAJESTY'S Theatre opened on Saturday last with Verdi's "Il Trovatore," so that the opera season is now in full career at both houses, and the productions promised by the two establishments offer abundant attractions to the lovers of the various schools of music, Italian, French, and German. The principal singers at the Haymarket opera on Saturday were Mdle. Titiens (Leonora), Madame Alboni (Azucena), Signor Giuglini (Manrico), and Mr. Santley (Conte di Luna). This, it will be seen, was a strong cast, and one that could not fail to give effect to Verdi's music, which is peculiarly dependent on vigorous and animated execution. It is essentially music of theatrical effect—inconstant in its demands on the physical powers of voice and gesture; remorseless in its treatment of that delicate organ, the human voice; and presenting a constant succession of spasmodic emotions. Such music, therefore, requires, especially for its stage execution, singers of more than average vigour; and its performance on the occasion referred to left little or nothing to be desired, either vocally or dramatically. Mdle. Titiens' Leonora is well known as the finest impersonation of that musical-melodramatic heroine since Madame Grisi's best days. For energy of vocal declamation and earnest action it would be difficult now to find a rival to the German songstress in such parts. Her brilliant and facile execution of music (such, for instance, as the air "Di tale amor"), which treats the voice as though it were an instrument of brass or wood, was such as almost to justify the composer in his arbitrary disregard of the amenities of the vocal art. Throughout the opera Mdle. Titiens' performance was a magnificent display of vocal and dramatic power. Madame Alboni, who appeared after an interval of two years, sang with that *suave* expression and pure Italian style which has always distinguished her vocalization. Among her most successful efforts was, of course, the well known air, "Stride la vampa." Not less admirable, however, was her declamation in the scene where she recites the wrongs that Azucena has sustained at the hands of the Conte di Luna. If one were disposed to be hypercritical, it might be objected that Madame Alboni's Azucena is somewhat too genial in demeanour for the crafty and vengeful gipsy.

Never has Signor Giuglini appeared to greater advantage than on this occasion—he was in excellent voice, and his acting was characterized by a passionate earnestness that is not often seen in tenors of the Italian school. His delivery of the pathetic "Ah! si ben mio," was as expressive and plaintive as his singing of the air "Di quella pira" was earnest and passionate. Mr. Santley, as the Conte di Luna, was fully worthy of his coadjutors; and the pure style of his vocalization, in the best Italian method, was such as few English artists have attained. His singing of the popular "Il balen" was a finished piece of expressive cantabile. Mr. Santley, who has also greatly improved as an actor, has now taken an acknowledged high position as a dramatic singer. There is evidence of improvement both in the band and chorus, although the latter is scarcely as numerous as might be expected in an establishment of such importance as Her Majesty's Theatre. Signor Ardit, who retains his position as conductor, wields his *bâton* with firm decision, and has his forces thoroughly under command. It would be difficult to imagine a better performance of "Il Trovatore" than that of Her Majesty's Theatre. A new serenata, in honour of the Royal wedding, was produced on the opening night. Of its title (if it had any), or of its poetical merits, it is impossible to speak, as no programme or description whatever was obtainable (at least by ourselves) in the theatre. As to the music—the manner of its reception by the audience, and its withdrawal after only one night's performance, render any criticism superfluous.

At the Royal Italian Opera, on Saturday last, one of the *débutantes* promised by Mr. Gye made her first appearance as Elvira in "I Puritani." Mdle. Fioretti possesses a genuine soprano voice, of sympathetic quality, clear articulation, and sufficient compass. Her vocalization, although unpretending, is neat and certain; and, while there is a charm and geniality about the lighter portions of her Elvira there is a gentle pathos in the more serious situations, the combination of which renders her an excel-

lent representative of any character of mixed expression. Her "Polacca" air, "Son vergin vezzosa," was given with playful ease and lightness, while "Qui la voce" was full of refined tenderness. In "Vien diletto," she displayed considerable volubility in the bravura passages of this air. In short, although perhaps scarcely adequate to the higher impersonations of lyric tragedy—to which, indeed, she does not appear to pretend—Mdlle. Fioretti has every qualification for such parts as that in which she made her *début*, and in which her success was complete. The other principal characters were filled by Signor Neri-Baraldi, Signor Ronconi (his first appearance after an interval of two seasons), and M. Faure; the latter of whom is becoming recognized as one of the most finished of dramatic vocalists, equally efficient in music of the French or Italian school. On Thursday Mdlle. Fricci re-appeared here, when she essayed, for the first time, the part of Norma with complete success. On the same evening, after the opera, there was a concert in which Mdlle. Carlotta Patti (sister to the renowned Adelina Patti) made her first appearance in Europe, with a result which promises to add another to the list of Mr. Gye's successful engagements.

The Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts have long since established a high reputation both as to selection and performance. The orchestra, some forty or more in number, has been so completely organized under its skilful conductor, Mr. Manns, as to present that intimate combination and sympathetic union and fusion of sound which are too often wanting in orchestras even of great pretensions. Mr. Manns deserves high praise, too, for the special character which he frequently gives to his programmes by the production of some unknown or little known work of interest. Thus, within the last few weeks, the Crystal Palace Concerts have comprised a selection from Cherubini's classical "Medea," and Beethoven's music to "Egmont"—productions which, although ranking among the highest efforts of art, have hitherto remained in comparative oblivion. The concert of Saturday last included Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, extremely well given, with an attention to light and shade and a general delicacy of expression highly creditable both to instrumentalists and conductor. The chief feature of the concert, however, was the first appearance of Herr Dannreuther, a young pianist from the Conservatorium of Leipzig. This institution has for some years ranked among the highest schools of musical education in Germany. Mendelssohn's residence at Leipzig gave an impulse to that already musical city which still continues to be felt; and the presence there of such artists as Herr David and Mr. Moscheles has helped to render the Leipzig conservatorium second scarcely to any for sound musical education. As regards pianoforte playing, we question whether any other school in Europe could send forth a more finished performer than Herr Dannreuther proved himself on Saturday by his rendering of Chopin's Concerto in F minor. The work was scarcely well chosen for execution before a large and miscellaneous audience. Those delicate and minute details, the fancifully elaborated passages and graceful embroideries and ornaments in which Chopin's music abounds, have a charming and even natural effect when heard in his smaller works such as his Studies, Nottornos, and Mazurkas; but a concerto with full orchestral accompaniments, intended for public performance, requires clearness of design and breadth of treatment, such indeed as we find in all the best concertos, as those of Mozart, Beethoven, Hummel, Weber, and Mendelssohn. The two concertos of Chopin, full as they both are of a certain melancholy grace and passages of delicate fancy, have a want of clear purpose in construction which casts an effect of feebleness over their many minute beauties when these are heard through a succession of three long movements. Few pieces, however, offer a greater test for executive power than Chopin's concerto in F minor; requiring as it does, not only extreme grace and delicacy of expression, but also occasional vigour of touch. Mr. Dannreuther's execution was of the best order—he possesses a thorough elastic independence of finger, and a supple and pliant wrist, enabling him to command the lightest and fullest tones of the instrument. His success was so complete, that we have little doubt he will soon be heard again. Miss Robertine Henderson and Signor Emerico were the vocalists. A grand festival performance is announced for May-day, when Mendelssohn's "Athalie" music and Auber's and Meyerbeer's "Exhibition" overtures are to be given in the Handel orchestra, with 2,500 performers.

The Popular Concerts were resumed, after the Easter vacation, on Monday last, when the evening was appropriated to the benefit of Mr. Charles Hallé, whose admirable performances have so largely contributed to the success of these entertainments. The occasion was, moreover, signalized by the reappearance of Monsieur Vieuxtemps, the violinist, who is perhaps the most popular with a London audience after Herr Joachim. The programme, which was worthy of the artists, comprised instrumental pieces by Bach, Haydn, and Beethoven. The singers were Miss Banks and Miss Eyles.

The New Philharmonic Concerts commenced for the season, at St. James's Hall, on Wednesday evening, with an excellent performance of the following programme:—

PART I.

Overture—(Iphigénie in Aulide)	Gluck.
Song—"Love in her eyes"	Handel.
Concerto in A, Clarinet	Mozart.
Duetto—(Guglielmo Tell)	Rossini.
Symphony—(Eroica)	Beethoven.

PART II.

Concerto in C, Pianoforte	Weber.
Aria—"Diamans de la Couronne"	Auber.
Recitative and Song—"Love sounds the alarm"	Handel.
Overture—(Faust)	Spohr.

The orchestra which Dr. Wylde conducts at these concerts, consisting largely of members of the Royal Italian Opera band, is, of course, from that cause, of first-rate excellence; and the instrumental pieces are consequently given with a spirit, force, and precision, that leave little room even for hypercriticism. Apart from the individual excellence of the pieces in Wednesday's programme, the selection possessed the merit of variety and contrast; the greatest instance of which, perhaps, was offered by the very opposite styles of the calm, serious simplicity of Gluck's operatic prelude, and the impetuous and richly harmonized overture of Spohr. The Eroica Symphony would have borne a little more impulsiveness in the first and last movements, which might have been given with a slight increase of *tempo* without sacrificing that breadth and dignity which are the predominant characteristics of the work.

The two concertos were highly interesting both as compositions and performances. That for the clarinet, one of Mozart's later works, is imbued with that tender and graceful expression and refined beauty which scarcely any other composer has equalled. Its performance by Mr. Lazarus was a masterly combination of executive skill and cultivated style. Weber's pianoforte concerto, although not equal to his two later works of the kind, is interesting as an early specimen of the master. It is full of that wayward impulsiveness, that alternate sombre melancholy and flashing brilliancy which are characteristic of the composer of "Der Freyschütz." Its great mechanical difficulties, especially in the last movement, were overcome with that calm tranquillity which can only result from the consciousness of such unbounded manipulative power as Madame Arabella Goddard possesses.

Each of the concertos was received with that warmth of applause which was due in both instances. Madame Lemmens-Sherrington gave Auber's sparkling air (with variations) with great brilliancy, and Mr. Sims Reeves was as successful as usual in Handel's songs; while both artists were worthily associated in the duet from Rossini's "Guillaume Tell." The concert altogether was a worthy commencement of the "New Philharmonic" season.

CONTEMPORARY SCIENCE.

THE meeting of the Ethnological Society on Tuesday last, was the most numerous in attendance and the most important of any that has taken place this session. The paper was an attack by the president, J. Crawford, Esq., on the doctrines of the unity of the human race, the Aryan theory of language, and the transmutation of man from the apes, as advocated in Sir Charles Lyell's new work "On the Antiquity of Man." Mr. Crawford concurred with geologists as to the great antiquity of the human race, and suggested that the scarcity of human remains, compared with those of the extinct animals with which the flint implements are associated, might be accounted for by the fact that in the savage state men are ever few in number compared with wild animals, and that when they first appeared on earth, the disparity must have been greater even than it now is in the most uncivilized tracts. Sir Charles Lyell adopts the theory of the unity of the human race, as according best with the hypothesis of the transmutation of species, but neither he nor any one else has ventured to point out the primordial stock from which the many varieties which exist have proceeded. We see races of men diverse physically and mentally, as Europeans, negroes of Africa, of New Guinea, and of the Andaman Islands, Arabs, Hindoos, Chinese, Red Americans, and Polynesians; and so far as our experience goes, these races continue unchanged as long as there is no intermixture. But recent geological discoveries, and Sir Charles himself was quoted for the authority, give this additional evidence of the most instructive kind, that "the human skeletons of the Belgian caverns, of times coeval with the mammoth and other extinct mammalia, do not betray any signs of a marked departure in their structure, whether of skull or limb, from the modern standard of certain living races of the human family." In the same manner the human skeletons found in the pile buildings of the Swiss lakes, and computed by some to be 12,000 years old, differ in no respect from those of the present inhabitants of Switzerland.

If the existing races of man proceeded from a single stock, Mr. Crawford contends, either the great change which has taken place must have been effected in the locality of each race, or it occurred after migration. Now, distant migration he conceives impossible in the earliest period of man's existence. It is only within the last three centuries and a half that the existence of one half the inhabitants of the world became known to the other half. The civilized Greeks and Romans did not suspect the existence of the New World. Their knowledge of India was imperfect, and of all the great countries east of it their acquaintance amounted to nothing more than vague rumours and gossip. Of the great islands of the Indian Ocean and the Pacific they were wholly ignorant, and even of Africa, so near them, they knew nothing south of the Atlas and Great Desert. Mr. Crawford concludes, then, that there is no evidence of any race of man having undergone any appreciable change of form. If none in a thousand years or a hundred thousand years, supposing the latter to be the age of the skeletons of the Belgian race contemporary with the mammoth, it

is reasonable to believe that multiplying any of these sums by a million of years would yield nothing but the same cipher. The object of the Aryan theory is to prove that the many languages called Aryan or Indo-European sprang all from a single source. The doctrine as adopted by Sir Charles is extended to all the other languages of the earth, with the hope of reducing them from thousands to a very small number. But the examples of foreign languages infused into native ones are as mysterious and unaccountable as the Oriental words found in the languages of Europe and Western Asia. But were the Aryan hypothesis as true as Mr. Crawford believes it to be false, it is hard to see how it illustrates, or, indeed, can have any bearing on the theory of transmutation of species by natural selection, the progress of which is so slow that, as Mr. Crawford wittily remarked, no satisfactory evidence of it has been produced. All the languages of the world have been reckoned by some at 4,000, by others at 6,000; but it is certain the real number is unknown. There can be no doubt, however, but that there are many, and that, making ample allowance for mere dialects or branches, many real languages will still remain. Some of these are derivative and some primordial: the first prevailing chiefly in Central and Western Asia and in Europe, where an advanced society has given rise to those conquests and intermixtures which produce revolutions in language; and the last prevail in Africa, America, Eastern Asia, and its islands, where those causes of change have either been of feeble operation or have produced no effect.

In the dentition of man and the apes there is certainly a singular accord. In the Old World apes, the number, form, and arrangement of the teeth are the same as in man. The American monkeys, however, have four additional teeth, or thirty-six instead of thirty-two. The digestive organs also agree; yet with this similarity, man is an omnivorous, the monkey a frugivorous animal. While the similitudes of the monkey to man were pointedly dwelt upon, it was well, Mr. Crawford thought, to state, on the other side, the dissimilarities. The monkeys are chiefly found within the tropics, and even there there exist extensive regions where they are not met with at all. Again, in power of adaptation to the vicissitudes of climate, the monkey is not only below man, but below the dog, hog, ox, and horse; for all these thrive from the Equator up to the 60th degree of latitude. The natural abode of man is the level earth, that of the monkeys the forest. If there were no forests there would be no monkeys; their whole frame is calculated for that mode of life. The monkeys, then, Mr. Crawford considers, have an outward and even structural resemblance to man beyond other animals, but this is all; and why Nature has bestowed upon them this similarity is a mystery beyond understanding.

Among the speakers in the animated discussion which followed were Sir Charles Lyell himself, Sir Roderick Murchison, and Professor Busk. In the course of the evening it was stated that M. Boucher de Perthes had within the past few days discovered, in the flint-implement-bearing beds of Abbeville, a human jaw, indicating a race of small stature, as the coeval inhabitants of Europe with the mammoth and extinct great beasts—news, however, which requires confirmation.

This discovery has been narrated by M. Boucher de Perthes in the French local newspaper, *l'Abbeillois*, the statement in that paper being that in a deposit known as the "Moulin-Quignon-lez-Abbeville," was a flint implement, accompanied by a human jaw, both of the same colour, and, as he believes, undoubtedly fossil. The objects were deposited about 13 feet below the surface, and close to the chalk rock which underlies the tertiary deposits at Abbeville.

Both Archaeological Societies met during the the past week. At the Archaeological Institute Dr. Henry Johnson, M.D., Secretary to the Excavations Committee, communicated a few notes on the recent progress of the investigations at Wroxeter. During the latter part of the past year the old diggings have not been touched, but have been kept open, and are still visited by numerous persons. In October the ground where the old north gate is alleged to have stood was opened for the purpose of ascertaining whether any remains could be found. The foundations of a town wall were traced running towards Norton, but nothing like a gateway was found. A few days were also spent in excavating in the cemetery, when sufficient evidence was afforded that the ancient burial-ground had extended along thus far from the gate.

The Rev. F. W. Baker, M.A., gave some account of recent excavations at Beaulieu Abbey, particularly referring to the tomb of Isabella, wife of Richard, "King of the Romans." Mr. William Molyneux at considerable length detailed the result of the excavations made at Beaudesert, Staffordshire. Mr. Molyneux sent plans of the explorations, and contributed for the inspection of the meeting everything he had found.

Amongst objects exhibited was a stone vessel of Flemish manufacture, found at Beaulieu, by the Duke of Buccleuch; a plumbus or glandus brought by the Count Stuart d'Albanie, a pax and other objects by Mr. Farrer, jun.; a curious leaden spoon, similar in material to the articles found so abundantly of late years in the Thames. The spoon bore the effigy of Queen Anne, and had the letters A.R.

At the British Archaeological Association, Mr. Norman exhibited a fine bronze leopard's head, of Greek workmanship, and a leaden seal, supposed to be that of a magician of the fifteenth or sixteenth century. It is a curious object, and the mystic or cabalistic legends are conveyed in a singular combination of letters, Greek, Arabic, &c. There are also figures of the Pentacle, Double Triangle, &c.

Mr. Vere Irving produced photographs of fragments of stone conjectured to have belonged to an ancient priory at Lesmahago, Lanarkshire, and stated that it was intended to make excavations and trace out the plan of the building which Mr. Edward Roberts, from an examination of the photographs, assigned to 1100-1120.

Mr. Caesar Long made a communication relating to the discovery of two leaden coffins on the site of the Priory of St. John the Baptist, at Holywell, Shoreditch. Evidence was adduced to show that they contained the remains of Sir Thomas and Lady Lovel, and belonged to the reign of Henry VIII. Sir Thomas died in 1524. Mr. Syer Cuning read a paper on a fragment of an Easter sepulchre, in the Yeovil Museum, obtained from Glastonbury.

The remainder of the evening was occupied in the reading of the Rev. Mr. Hartshorne's revised paper on "Queen Eleanor's Cross at Northampton."

The first paper read at the Geographical Society on Monday was an interesting one on "Frobisher Strait, proved to be a Bay, and on the fate of five men of the Arctic expedition in the reign of Elizabeth," by Mr. C. F. Hall, of Ohio, communicated by Mr. Henry Grinnell, New York, who, with disinterested liberality and a true spirit of philanthropy, has fitted out expeditions in search of the lamented Sir John Franklin. The president said this gentleman had expended between twenty and thirty thousand pounds upon this object, and it was mainly through the instrumentality of Mr. Grinnell that Mr. Hall, of Ohio, had been assisted in his adventurous enterprise to search for traces of Franklin. The boat in which he endeavoured to reach the region in question was lost, and he was accordingly obliged to confine his explorations to the district in which he was embayed during two winters. He availed himself of the opportunity to learn the Esquimaux language, and he obtained, from traditions which had long been preserved among the natives, information respecting the Frobisher expedition in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. He has brought home relics of this expedition, which he found in Warwick Island, and he has made out that what has been long called Frobisher Strait is in reality a deep bay or inlet extending in a W.N.W. direction about 200 miles from the entrance. The paper was prefaced by a short outline of the Frobisher expedition, undertaken in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, to discover a north-west passage to the East Indies. Mr. Hall sailed from New London, in May, 1860, on board the *George Henry*, Captain Buddington, attended by an intelligent Esquimaux, supplied with a boat and necessary equipment, intending to proceed towards Boothia and King William's Island, in the hope of finding some of the survivors of the Franklin Expedition, or of ascertaining something more of their fate, being impressed with the conviction that, "if any of the survivors existed, it was impossible for them to get away unaided by civilized men."

The expedition proceeded first to Holsteinborg, in Greenland, where they were most cordially received by the Governor and his family. They then crossed Davis Strait to Frobisher Inlet, where, finding the season too far advanced to proceed northward, they wintered in 1860 and 1861, and did not escape until the summer of 1862. On an island named by Frobisher the Countess of Warwick Island, and by the natives Kod-lu-narn, or White Man's Island, are still to be seen the remains of a trench, dug out to receive a vessel, with embankments on either side. In the middle of the island are the remains of a house built of stone and mortar, near to which are the ruins of a blacksmith's shop, and a reservoir of water. Strewed over the island are various fragments of tile, glass, iron, coal, and wood. At a place called Ek-ke-lu-zhun, which is about eight miles S.E. of Kod-lu-narn, is a pile of coals containing ten tons. These relics Mr. Hall considers are the remains of the Frobisher expedition, specimens of which he very carefully collected and brought away; and these were exhibited on this occasion.

The other paper was by Dr. John Rae, entitled "A Visit to Red River and the Saskatchewan."

The *Otago Daily Times* of the 16th February last reports the asserted discovery by some men in the employ of Mr. Rees, of Wakatipu, of the gigantic New Zealand bird, the Moa, supposed hitherto to have become extinct on that island. The men state the bird seen by them to have been about seven feet high, reckoning the head and neck, and a size not incompatible with the bones of the gigantic birds first made known to European naturalists by the late Dr. Mantell. The account, however, which has been generally copied in the daily papers, seems rather suspicious, and must be received with caution.

Dr. Klinderfuss, of Gottingen, notifies a new comet near the constellation Delphinus.

THE PAST WEEK.

HOME.

PARLIAMENT.

PARLIAMENT re-assembled on Monday after the Easter holidays. No business of importance was transacted on that day.

On Tuesday, in the House of Lords, on the motion that the Augmentation of Benefices Bill be referred to a select committee, Lord St. Leonards said that as the bill would affect the privileges of the Crown, the assent of the Crown was necessary to its provisions. Earl Derby expressed his fear that some of its regula-

tions would clash with those of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, and thought that it would have been better had the Lord Chancellor thrown the advowsons of the larger livings into the market, and augmented the smaller ones with the proceeds of their sale. The Lord Chancellor said that he had not the least intention to interfere with the action of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, and that he had taken every means to ascertain whether the provisions of the bill agreed with their rules. He concurred with Lord Derby in the opinion that, if the principles of the bill were good, it ought to be carried further, and hoped, at some future time, to include a larger number of livings within its provisions. There would be no difficulty, he thought, in finding purchasers for the advowsons of livings when once they were augmented. The select committee was then appointed.

In the Commons, Mr. Layard professed himself unable to reply to three questions put by Lord H. Lennox respecting the throne of Greece. The questions were—whether it was by the recommendation of the English Government that the National Assembly of Greece had proceeded to the election of Prince William of Denmark? Whether it was with the assent of the King and Government of Denmark, and with the concurrence of Prince Christian, that such a decisive step was taken? Whether it was in concert with M. Bille, the Danish Minister in London; and, if not, by whose authority the Greeks were advised in the matter? Mr. Layard, on the intimation that Lord H. Lennox would renew his questions on the following day, replied that he would then be equally unable to give an answer. In the present state of the negotiations, he said, it would not be for the benefit of the public service to make a statement on the subject.

The Speaker now called on Mr. Buxton to proceed with his motion for leave to bring in a bill to amend the Acts of Uniformity. Mr. Buxton and Mr. Walpole rose together, when, after a short delay, during which there were loud and general cries of "Walpole," Mr. Buxton sat down. Mr. Walpole then proceeded, in feeling terms, to move that, out of respect to the memory of the late Secretary of War, the House should not proceed with business that day. "At present," he said, "I can only say what everybody in this House must feel, that we never had among us a man more thoughtful, more considerate, more conciliatory, or more beloved than the late Sir George Lewis." Lord Palmerston, who was much moved, contented himself with simply seconding the motion. "It would be impossible," he said, "for any man to add to the well-deserved tribute which the right hon. gentleman has paid to the memory of the colleague whom we have lost." Mr. Disraeli, in a few words, paid an eloquent tribute to the memory of Sir George Lewis, whose death, he said, was a calamity to the country; and in whom the Queen had lost one of her ablest servants, and the House a member who possessed the universal regard and respect of hon. gentlemen on both sides. "Sir," he said, "I never knew a man who combined in so eminent a degree as Sir George Lewis, both from acquired and from native power of thought, the faculty, upon all public matters, of arriving at a sound and judicious conclusion. Although he was remarkably free from prejudice and passion, yet the absence of those sentiments, which are supposed in general to be necessary to the possession of active power, had not upon him the effect which it usually produces, and he was a man who always brought a great organizing faculty and a great power of sustained perseverance to the transaction of public affairs. I am sure," he continued, "that the rising statesmen on both sides may take him as an example that in many particulars may be remembered and followed with advantage; and I am persuaded that his name will never be mentioned in this House without feelings of deep respect, or without unfeigned regret for what may be deemed the untimely loss of a man whom the country could ill spare."

On Wednesday, in the Commons, the second reading of Sir M. Peto's Burials Bill was lost by a majority of 221 to 96. The object of the bill was to permit Dissenters to have their own burial service performed in churchyards of the Established Church. Mr. H. B. Sheridan obtained leave to bring in a bill to facilitate the appointment of stipendiary magistrates in cities, towns, and boroughs of 2,000 inhabitants and upwards.

MISCELLANEOUS.

We have now the details of the loss of H.M.S. *Orpheus*, in the official narrative of Lieutenant Hill, the senior surviving officer; and they leave us no room to doubt that the catastrophe was one against which seamanship was powerless. The *Orpheus* left Sydney on the 31st of January last for New Zealand, and arrived within eight miles of the bar of the Manukau, New Zealand, on the morning of Saturday, the 7th of February. This bar forms the entrance, by a narrow channel, to the Manukau harbour; but the passage is always dangerous, owing to the shifting character of the sands at the river's mouth, and the tremendous sea which, when the wind blows from the west or south-west, is driven upon the shore. Every necessary precaution was observed when the *Orpheus* neared the bar at mid-day, steering exactly according to the courses laid down in the sailing directions provided for her use, while the signal, "Take the bar," was flying from the pilot station on the shore. "The hands were on deck," writes Mr. Hill, "the ropes manned for shortening sail, the commodore, the commander, and master on the bridge, leadmen in both chains, spare tiller shipped, with relieving tackle hooked, and six men stationed; gratings and hatchway covers were placed ready for battening down." All was going well when at 1.30 the corvette touched ground slightly, when the order was given to put on all steam. At 1.40 she struck

forward, and when the attempt was made to reverse the engines, neither engines nor screw would act. The ship broached to, with her head to the north, lurching heavily to port, and the sea made a clean sweep over her deck, taking away port-quarter, boats, netting, and bulwark. Sail was shortened as far as possible, the men being unable to keep the deck; and the moment the ship took the shoal the hatchways were battened down, but in vain, for the fastenings were thrown up by the bumping of the ship. Four port guns were now thrown overboard; the starboard cutter was manned and lowered, and the private signals, public records, and ship's books as far as possible committed to her charge. Two or three times after she got clear of the ship she was reported to be swamped; and Mr. Hill was ordered to take the pinnace, and go to her assistance; but as she was subsequently reported to be safe, Mr. Hill was ordered to go on shore in the pinnace for the purpose of getting assistance. When he got clear, he observed the smoke of a steamer, the *Wonga Wonga*, to the southward, going seaward. It was not, however, till six, p.m., that she could be brought to the wreck, which they now found lying very much over to port, the masts all standing, the crew in the rigging above the tops, the sea at times sweeping as high as the futtock rigging. They hailed the men to jump off the rigging and swim for it. Some did so, and several of them were picked up and saved. But about seven o'clock the flood-tide had made, and the rollers became so high and dangerous that it was impossible for the boats any longer to remain by the wreck. Mr. Hill shouted to those who were still in the rigging to make a final effort, but none would venture. At 8.30 the masts went, and the poor fellows on them gave three cheers, as if taking a farewell of life. Of a crew of 256 officers, seamen, and marines, only 71 were saved. The highest praise is due to the discipline of the men and the courage of the commander. He declared he would be the last to leave the ship, and when last seen was in the mizen rigging. He is supposed to have been killed by a spar. It is melancholy to note the statement that there was a life-boat on shore, by which most of the crew might have been saved if it could have been launched. But there was no means at hand to do this. At daylight on the following morning nothing could be seen of the ill-fated *Orpheus* but a stump of one mast and a few ribs. She was one of the finest corvettes of her Majesty's navy. The perils of the Manukau passage are well known, and a correspondent of the *Times* relates his own experience of the precautions taken on preparing to enter it by the captain of a merchant steamer in which he was a passenger. The captain "sent all the ladies below, had the ports and deadlights shut down, and required all the other passengers to take refuge on the bridge of the steamer. The third mate and an able-bodied seaman were lashed to the wheel, while two men were placed in the mizen-shrouds, ready to take the helm if the others were washed away." It appears that since the publication of the chart and sailing directions which the *Orpheus* took for her guidance, the middle banks and small shoal on which the ship first touched have shifted bodily, and considerably to the north.

Dr. Colenso has written to the *Times*, protesting against the assumption of the Bishops, who have prohibited him from preaching in their dioceses, that he is unable to use the prayers of the Liturgy or to discharge the duties of his episcopal office. He says, further, that the general assertions or insinuations of heresy which they make against him are contrary to the principles of the Ecclesiastical Courts; and that, even in the case of an incumbent, a Bishop is bound to specify the particulars of his offence, before he can take any measures against him. He condemns the course the Bishops are taking against himself, as one not seen nor tolerated in this Church and country since the days of Bonner and Laud. No definite charge, he says, has been made against him, though proceedings are threatened. "Yet," he adds, "the Bishops venture, in public and official documents, to accuse me of scandalous, dishonest, and heretical conduct, and the Archbishop of Canterbury has already pronounced judgment upon me, without a trial, though he would himself be the judge before whom my case would have to be heard should I have to appeal from a decision of the inferior court." Right or wrong in his theology—a question, he says, to be settled by time and investigation—he stands upon his rights as an Englishman, and protests against a course of conduct "which is as illegal as it is contrary to the first principles of the Reformation."

The seizure of the *Peterhoff* by Admiral Wilkes, and the doctrine laid down by our own Foreign Office that a belligerent may seize and carry off to its prize courts any neutral vessel sailing between neutral ports provided it "alleges" a legal pretext, has alarmed the owners of a vessel "on the berth" for Matamoras. Failing to obtain an assurance from the authorities that their vessel, being bound on a legal voyage, should not be detained on any frivolous pretence, as the *Peterhoff* was, they refuse to let her sail. The charterers and merchants whose goods are on board insist upon her sailing, and threaten the owners with law proceedings and a heavy claim for damages if they do not fulfil their contract. The owners reply that they engaged to send their vessel to Matamoras, believing it to be a neutral port and a legal voyage; that, if it is so, the law is bound to protect them in the prosecution thereof; but that, as the law officers state that the law is powerless to do so, the voyage cannot be legal, nor the contract of the owners with the merchants and charterers binding. The argument is convincing; and if the doctrine of the Foreign Office is sound, then no voyage is legal; for wherever an American admiral or commodore finds a

British ship, he may seize it on the condition that he "alleges" a legal pretext. Surely this cannot be good law.

The County Courts are not important enough to have their proceedings reported in the daily papers, like those of the superior Courts, and strange things are, no doubt on this account, sometimes done in them. A victim writes to the *Times* to give a specimen of these doings, of which he was lately both witness and subject, in one of the county courts south of the Thames. The judge decided against him, but refused the plaintiff costs. The plaintiff's attorney, who had probably undertaken the case on speculation, displeased at this decision, stepped forward and said confidentially to the registrar, "You must contrive to get me half a guinea." The registrar nodded and smiled, and then turning to the judge said, persuasively, "Oh, your honour, you might allow him something; let him have his railway expenses." Judge—"Very well, give him 6d." Registrar—"Say a shilling, your honour." Judge—"Then a shilling." Registrar—"But he could not travel second class; so let him have two" (the first class returns being 9d). Judge—"Well, take two." Registrar—"Then, your honour, there are his cabs." How far the encroaching registrar would have proceeded with fresh suggestions for more shillings until the desiderated half guinea was reached, it is impossible to say. But just then "the angry spot did lower on Caesar's brow." "Fortunately for me," writes the victim, "the face of the judge, who was rather irritable, assumed such a red and portentous appearance, that the registrar prudently brought his pleadings, and the giggles in court, to a conclusion." But when, subsequently, the defendant asked what he had to pay, he was handed an account in which, besides the costs of the court, seven shillings was put down for plaintiff's expenses. This was returned for explanation, and the amount was at once reduced to the two shillings allowed by the judge, with the explanation that it was "a mistake." A most suspicious one. We fear that acts of this disgraceful character are not infrequent in the County Courts; and that judges do not turn red in the face as often as they should.

One of the most useful questions of the week has been by what means proper dwellings for working men may best be obtained. A writer, who, in his letter to the leading journal, signs himself "W. D. B.," maintains that the undertaking must not be made in a commercial sense, that is, with a view to recovering a considerable percentage on the money expended. Alderman Waterlow combats this position, and thinks that nothing adequate can be done except upon this principle. He quotes the dictum of the late Prince Consort, who said, "Unless we can get seven or eight per cent. we shall not succeed in inducing builders to invest their capital in such houses." A third writer, "B.," follows on the same side. He points out that through the efforts of private individuals and associations, extending over a period of nearly a quarter of a century, dwellings have been provided for 5,000 persons. But the working classes number at least 1,500,000; and if the whole of Mr. Peabody's gift, £150,000, were permanently invested in a set of buildings for this purpose, it would only provide dwellings for 9,000 men, women, and children. The inference is, that if an effectual change is to be made, it must be on the principles on which capitalists invest their money. In other words, the undertaking must pay.

As far as the Severn is concerned there is a prospect of a fine salmon season. From Montgomeryshire down to Worcestershire the murlets, young salmon, are more numerous in the river than they have been within living memory. At Meifod they are "in thousands." They will go down the river in a few days, from 2 oz. to 3 oz. a-piece in weight, and will come back in July—those that do come back—from 2 lb. to 5 lb. Adult salmon, too, are more numerous than is their wont, in the upper waters. Some have been taken by fishermen, contrary to law; and the offenders have been punished. The "Protection Association" is active in issuing warnings and bringing captors of unseasonable salmon before the magistrates. Persons who write to the papers complaining that young salmon have been offered them for sale, would do well to use the power conferred to them by the 24 and 25 Vict., cap. 109, sec. 15, of seizing the fish and prosecuting the persons in possession of them. If they will not do this, the Severn Fisheries Association, Worcester, will do it for them, on receipt of the requisite information.

A shocking murder was committed on the morning of Thursday week in a low den in St. Giles's. A wretched young woman, named Emma Jackson, entered the house with a male companion at seven in the morning, and engaged a room for two hours. At five p.m. of the same day, the servant, surprised that they had not left the house, sent a girl up to see why they remained. The girl found the door unfastened, the window up, and the man gone; but the unfortunate woman lay upon the bed, with her feet on the ground, dead, and covered with blood. The police profess that they have gained a perfect clue to the murderer; but he has not yet been discovered.

Joseph Harcourt, who was committed some time ago for inciting a man named William Smith to murder Mr. Isaac Wightman Dickinson, of Ash Grove, near Newry, was tried on Saturday last, found guilty, and sentenced to ten years' penal servitude. The evidence left no doubt that he had committed the offence; and his motive is said to have been the hope that, Mr. Dickinson dead, he would be able to possess himself of his widow and her fortune.

Another dreadful murder has been committed in Ireland, in the town of Crossmolina. On the night of the 5th instant, Mrs. McNaier was murdered by her eldest son, William, who appears

to have been possessed with the delusion that she was the Devil. Horrible to relate, the murder was committed in the open streets, in the presence of four cowardly fellows, who did not move a hand to save the unfortunate old lady from her infuriated son.

Adam Grierson, who was lately shot at Glenreigh by a young man named Francis Bradley, son of a man who, with thirty or forty others, had been evicted by Grierson two years ago, died of his wounds on Monday. Bradley had previously been arrested, and was identified by the deceased as the man who shot him.

AUSTRALIA.

Miss Rye writes from Dunedin, Otago, under date February 16, to say that she and her hundred female emigrants landed safe at Dunedin, on the previous Saturday, "after a glorious passage of ninety-eight days." Storms and sea-sickness were almost mythical; and there was no illness worth speaking about, except in the case of Louisa Haines, who died on the passage. She says, "I shall have no difficulty in disposing of the girls we have here; they will all find good situations and good salaries; but," she adds, "already I see more clearly the force of my reiterated assertion that it is certain destruction to ship off unsteady girls." This remark does not apply to any of the young women she took out with her, of whom she says, "the girls are in excellent spirits, and 'all's well' at present with all."

A very strange story comes to us from Australia. A correspondent who signs himself "Investigator," writes to the *Melbourne Argus*, under date, "Mia Mia Creek, January 4th," to say that he has discovered in a stony creek, fifteen miles from Castlemaine, the bodies of three aborigines quite whole, and not wanting in the smallest details, but which are petrified into solid marble. "When I first saw them," he writes, "I thought they were actually alive, until, on going closer, I noticed the eyes. They are in a sitting posture, and the veins, muscles, &c., may be distinctly traced through what is now a group of stone blocks; they are in a splendid state of preservation, even the finger-nails, teeth, &c., are as perfect as they were five hundred years ago. One of them has a stone axe by his side without any haft. The group altogether is the strangest concern I ever witnessed." It does not appear, however, that any one else has witnessed it.

FOREIGN.

AMERICA.

The exuberant good spirits which took possession of the people of Washington and New York on the promise of Government some days ago that great successes would be speedily gained which would do more than break the backbone of the rebellion, have given place to a decline of confidence and a rise in the price of gold. The brilliant accounts of the success of Farragut in running past Port Hudson and the arrival of the naval expedition at Haine's Bluff, turn out to be untrue. This, indeed, is the usual fate of the flattering telegrams which are forged by the employes of the Government for the contentment of the public, and the *New York World* does not hesitate to say that while Federal accounts are generally false, those of the Confederates are uniformly true in the main. "The telegrams," it says, "we get from Cairo and Memphis respecting alleged Union successes are almost invariably false; and the information vouched us from official circles in Washington as to military operations in the West is not a whit more reliable." It then proceeds to give instances of this official perfidy. "Within the past few weeks we have been told that the Yazoo Pass expedition was a success, which was false; that twenty odd transports and 7,000 men had been captured at Yazoo City, which was false; that Haine's Bluff had been taken, and Vicksburg evacuated, which was false; that Admiral Farragut's whole fleet had passed the Port Hudson batteries, which was false; that the *Indianola* had been recaptured as good as new, which was false; that the Lake Providence Canal was 'all right,' which was false; that the famous 'cut off' was ready for service, which was false; and, finally, that a Union fleet had reached the Yazoo by means of the Sunflower River, which was also false. On the other hand," it continues, "the Confederate reports and despatches have proved almost invariably to be correct." It is confirmed that Admiral Farragut has succeeded in getting two ships past the Port Hudson batteries—the *Hartford*, his own ship, and the *Albatross*. With these he can for a time cut off, both from Vicksburg and Port Hudson, as well as from the Confederate armies to the eastward of the Mississippi, the large supplies of cattle they have hitherto received from the vast country watered by the Red River. But as the *Hartford* is a wooden ship and the *Albatross* the only iron-clad he possesses between Vicksburg and Port Hudson, and as the Confederates have two powerful iron-clads, the *Queen of the West* and the *Webb*, somewhere between Vicksburg and Warrenton, the Admiral's position naturally causes a sense of uneasiness at New York.

It seems probable that a great battle will ere long be fought at or near Tullahoma, where the Confederate General Bragg is said to have concentrated an army of 60,000 men. Confederate General Joe Johnston has his head-quarters at Atlanta, Georgia, and the Confederates are building immense fortifications at Chattanooga, and have already (March 31) between fifty and sixty siege guns in position. General Rosencrans is still at Murfreesborough with the Federal army, which he has raised to a high state of discipline. That there have been no operations during February and March is accounted for by the impossibility of moving troops, in conse-

quence of the ocean of mud with which Kentucky and Tennessee are at this season coated. The ground could not, under the most favourable state of weather, be fit for military operations till the end of March. As to the result of a battle, the Southern correspondent of the *Times* gives his opinion that General Johnston, who will take the command of Bragg's army, will probably not be able to do more than hold his own, in the presence of Rosencrans's superior force. This opinion, however, is given in a letter dated so far back as the 28th of February; and the writer adds that a few thousands more men, not wanted elsewhere, might easily be placed at Johnston's service. If this has been done, the prospect of better success has of course been improved. This writer bears evidence to the difficulties which will be experienced in feeding the Southern armies till the grain crops are reaped in July. These difficulties will be very great; and the South will have to put up with much privation in the meantime. Not that there is not abundance of other food in the revolted States, but because the means is not at hand of conveying it to the mouths which are to be fed. Intelligence to the 2nd instant states that the most recent accounts from Tennessee are of a nature to show the imminence of a great battle at or near Murfreesborough, Tullahoma, or Chattanooga, and that considerable anxiety was felt for the safety of General Rosencrans.

Mr. Lincoln has issued a proclamation notifying that deserters, whose number, by the way, is variously estimated at from 130,000 to 150,000, who will return to their duty by the 1st of April, will incur no penalty except the forfeiture of their pay and allowances up to that date; while those who do not will incur the penalty of death. This warning had not had the desired effect; and the President is advised to give it force by shooting a dozen or two deserters in each State. Hardly a less evil than desertion has shown itself amongst the soldiers who still remain with the army. Encouraged by their officers, they have begun to hold political meetings, condemning the conduct of those citizens who presume to talk of peace. This may be a support to the Government, but it cannot but prove a source of eventual danger to it. Men with arms in their hands, who are taught to intimidate the unarmed public, can hardly fail to retort the lesson upon their rulers when their humour changes. It would be wise policy were Mr. Lincoln to take measures to restrain that brutal ferocity and disregard of the usages of civilized warfare by which his soldiers have distinguished themselves, and rooted still more deeply the hatred with which the South regards the Union. Unbridled licence is the order of the day both with officers and men. "Men of the highest intelligence," writes a Washington correspondent of the *New York Times*, "and most undoubted veracity, do not hesitate to attribute the stubborn and implacable disloyalty of the conquered districts of the South to this cause. They even go further, and say that thousands of Union men have been converted into rebels by the outrages which have been committed upon them by the Union troops, who should be their protectors." Devastation and outrage in the Valley of Virginia, in Alexandria and Fairfax counties, in Tennessee and North Carolina, have alienated the whole population, and destroyed all love for the Union in those districts.

News to the 3rd instant states that the Federal soldiers in the occupation of Pensacola burned the town, when ordered to evacuate it by Colonel Dyer, their commanding officer. Both men and officers are said to be in a state of great demoralization; and all the colonel's efforts could not prevent the work of destruction. An official despatch from General Bragg, dated Tallahoma, March 27, reports that General Forrest had visited Brentwood, burnt the bridge, taken all the property and arms, and captured 800 prisoners, including 35 officers. Brentwood is nine miles from Nashville and Franklin, at both of which places there are several thousand Federal troops. General Sherman's Sunflower River expedition has returned, and was disembarking, on the evening of the 3rd instant, at Young's Point. The expedition is said at one time to have been hemmed in by the river obstructions placed in front and rear of the transports, and to have been extricated with difficulty. The canal opposite Vicksburg has been abandoned, the Confederate cannon commanding two-thirds of its length. The Confederates under Van Dorn are crossing the river at Palmyra, and are endeavouring to flank General Rosencrans on the left. The Confederate armies of Tennessee and the Mississippi are reported to be forming a junction.

POLAND.

A note in the *Moniteur* of Monday says, that "the Austrian Government having displayed views upon the Polish question in conformity with those of the Western Powers, an understanding has been established between the three Courts for acting in concert towards the cabinet of St. Petersburg." It was no doubt in apprehension of such an accord between the three Powers that the Poles are indebted for the amnesty which has been offered them by their oppressors, on condition that they lay down their arms and return to their allegiance by the 13th of May. The amnesty is "full," with two exceptions, which render it perilously empty. These are with regard to "ordinary" crimes, a very comprehensive term, and to such offences as have been committed by the army. The manifesto in which this generous offer is contained further announces that the institutions granted to the Polish people shall be maintained, and, after practical experience, shall be developed according to the necessities of the age and the country. It cannot be a matter for surprise when we hear from Warsaw that this manifesto has produced no effect, and that

the insurrection will continue. When the Russian Government claims the allegiance of the Poles under the sanction of institutions "which have been granted," but "the efficacy of which has not yet been put to the test," they must forget the act of kidnapping which testified the humanity and sincerity of those institutions. It is not forgotten by the Poles. The amnesty has been universally rejected, and a protest circulated against it.

Any other course on the part of the insurgents was not to be expected, even were their operations in the field hopeless. They are far from this. Every fresh telegram brings news of the spread of the revolt, and of fresh successful encounters with the Russian troops. A fresh band of 600 insurgents has appeared in Sandomier; and Major Lopacki has occupied Polaniec, on the Vistula. The insurrection is spreading in Augustowo, in Lithuania, and Podlachia. Csacoiski, with 1,500 men, maintains the position formerly occupied by Langiewicz; and not far from him is a body of 1,000 insurgents under Geringer. Battles at various points are reported; and it is confirmed that at Koslawanda, Ciechocineo, Plockie, Kolo and Konin, the Russians have been beaten.

Langiewicz has declared to the Austrian authorities that he can no longer keep his parole, and it is expected that he will be placed under stricter guard. But his aide-de-camp, Mademoiselle Pustovoydova, for this appears to be the correct spelling of her name, has been set at liberty. This lady seems to have lisped enmity to the Russian Government. She is a Russian subject; daughter of Colonel Pustovoydoff, a Russian, in the Russian army, and a Polish lady. When she was quite a child she was shut up for uttering some disloyal sentiment at Zitimir, in a convent, from which two years afterwards she effected her escape, and on the outbreak of the insurrection entered the service of the Dictator. She is beautiful and young, little more than 18. Daring she must be, for she has had three horses killed under her, and led a charge of scythemen at Grochowiska. The Kossanieri, it appears, were hesitating under a well-sustained fire of Russian infantry, and could not be got to advance, when Mademoiselle rode in front of the regiment, and by the force of her personal attractiveness drew it forward.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

CANON STANLEY'S SERMONS IN THE EAST.*

As official discourses of religion, these sermons are exempt from our criticism, and the studied simplicity of their composition affords us no occasion for any remark upon the author's literary powers, which have indeed found ample exercise and proof in works of greater compass. There is little to distinguish Dr. Stanley's sermons preached before the Prince of Wales in Egypt and Palestine from such as any minister of the same theological complexion might preach at home, excepting the frequent allusions to local monuments and scenery around him, associated with the sacred narrative from which his lessons were drawn. On board the Nile-boat, when going up to the old capital of the Pharaohs, his congregation were thus invited to remember how Abraham, and afterwards his great-grandson Joseph, had sojourned in that famous abode of ancient civilization. Amidst the stupendous ruins of the Temple of Karnak, they were led to compare the depressing superstitions of Paganism with the spiritual liberty of the Christian faith. In the port of Joppa, while awaiting the appointed hour for them to land from the *Osborne*, and to set foot upon the shore of Palestine, they were bidden to "gather up the fragments that remain," to pick up whatever scattered hints and relics of information are left to be gleaned upon that soil, and so, from these fragments, to piece together a life-like conception of the realities of the Scripture history there enacted. On the Sunday before Easter, they were encamped above Nablous or Shechem, under the shadow of Mount Gerizim, where the remnant of the barbarous Samaritan race still keep up their peculiar sacrifice; and Dr. Stanley then reminded his Christian hearers of that profound truth, first uttered in the conversation at Jacob's Well, "God is a Spirit, and must be worshipped in spirit and in truth." Again, it was in the village of Nazareth, among the mountains and forests of Galilee, through which a fierce storm was at that moment raging, and beating upon the house where the English party had taken shelter, that they listened to his comment on that parable of "The House built upon the Rock," which may have been suggested by such an incident in that very place. By the Sea of Tiberias, on the shelving beach, where, in the dawning light of the third day after the Crucifixion, those fishermen, who had toiled all night in their boats, suddenly beheld the figure of their departed Master, and leaped ashore to meet Him again, the solemn story of the Resurrection was a suitable theme. So, too, when the Prince and his company halted within a few miles of Damascus, they remembered not only the former magnificence of the kings of Syria, and their dealings with the Jewish rulers and people, but more especially the journey of Paul, then called Saul, along the same road, with intent to persecute the followers of Christ, from which he was diverted by the teaching of a vision, changing his heart and mind, so that he became the great Apostle of the Gentile world. In the ruins of Baal's Syrian temple, the preacher once more, as at Thebes, pointed out the visible monuments of that idolatry of physical

* Sermons preached before his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, during his Tour in the East in the Spring of 1862; with Notices of some of the Localities Visited. By Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D.D., Canon of Christ Church, Regius Professor, &c. Murray.

nature, which prevailed through so many ages of heathenism. Beneath the cedars of Lebanon, on the last day of their roving life in tents, these Englishmen reflected upon the daily experience of Israel encamped in the wilderness, and comprehended their reliance upon the Divine protection at morning and at night. At sea, between the Isle of Patmos and Ephesus, it was from the writings of St. John,—on another Sunday, having just left Athens for Malta, it was from the adventures of St. Paul, that Dr. Stanley chose the topic of his discourse. The last, only, of these sermons was preached in the chapel of Windsor Castle, after the party had returned home. We have merely indicated the circumstances under which they were composed and delivered, as giving them a sort of romantic interest, beside their value for religious edification, of which it is not our province to speak.

To the second part of this volume, containing, somewhat in the form of an appendix, a minute description of several of the most curious places which Dr. Stanley visited, in his attendance upon the Prince, we may give a closer examination; and as a topographer, if not as a chaplain to royalty, the author may come fairly under review. His book on "Sinai and Palestine," which he published some years ago, was the result of much careful study and of his personal observations in 1852 and 1853. Returning after nine years' interval, he found much to learn, and probably as much to unlearn, for the uncertainty of most antiquarian theories of locality must be felt most grievously in a country, the whole face of which has been completely changed by so many convulsions of nature, and by the successive domination of so many races and religions, for twenty or thirty centuries past. Dr. Stanley's long account of the mosque at Hebron, supposed to be erected over the Cave of Machpelah, would be much less tedious reading if we could but share the credulity of Jews and Mussulmans, who believe that Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, and their wives, were actually interred there. But though Dr. Stanley is willingly convinced—having been favoured with that permission to view the patriarchs' tombs, which had scarcely been enjoyed by any European visitor before the Prince and his party obtained it—we do not see that there is any better evidence of the site than the Mohammedan traditions, which cannot be trusted at all. Indeed, he tells us that the name of Machpelah was applied to the whole district, and though we read that its position was "in the face of Mamre," i.e., opposite Mamre, he does not know whether Mamre was to the south of the modern town, or five miles to the north of it.

It may be doubted whether it was worth while for General Bruce to offend the prejudices of the Moslem people, by insisting so vehemently as he did, seemingly at Dr. Stanley's instigation, upon opening to the English party these apocryphal sepulchres, as well as the Tomb of David at Jerusalem, in which none but the Mohammedans believe. We cannot think that it was justifiable, by threatening Suraya Pasha with "the extreme displeasure" of the Prince of Wales in case of refusal, to gratify the curiosity of one or two members of his suite, at the risk of provoking a tumult which would probably have resulted in bloodshed. "What the Pasha feared," says Dr. Stanley, "was a random shot or stone from some individual fanatic, who might have held his life cheap at the cost of avenging what he thought an outrage on the sanctities of his religion." To prevent, therefore, an attack upon our Prince and his companions, as they passed through the town, the streets were lined with a double file of soldiers, while the inhabitants were forbidden to show themselves at their windows, or on their house-tops. "In fact, it was a complete military occupation of the place." The guardians of the Mosque groaned aloud, when the shrine of Abraham was thrown open, and implored their dead patriarch, the "Friend of God," to forgive this intrusion, declaring that, as for a prince of any but the English nation, they would rather have let him pass over their dead bodies, than have allowed him to enter. The Pasha declared that he himself would never dare to approach the tomb of one so holy as Abraham or David; and that even if the merciful Abraham would forgive such an affront, it was not so with Isaac, who was proverbially jealous, and who had driven back Ibrahim Pasha when he attempted to go in there. For the sake of common charity, and as a matter of courtesy, if not from considerations of prudence, it would surely have been better to refrain from violating these scruples; and the tone of exultation in which Dr. Stanley relates the affair is not commendable. If any mischief had happened to the young Prince—and he recollected that the violence of Moslem fanaticism had been shown in the previous twelvemonth by the massacre of Christians at Damascus, as well as by the outbreak in India a few years ago—those who had led him into needless danger would have incurred the severest blame. After all, what did they see, in the interior of the Mosque of Hebron? "A coffin-like structure, about six feet high, built of plastered stone or marble, and hung with three carpets, green embroidered with gold," marks the supposed tomb of Abraham, and the others resemble this. At the corner of the recess, where Abraham's tomb is erected, Dr. Stanley peeped into a circular hole, eight inches in diameter, opening down to a dark space beneath the pavement, which he believes to be the old original cavern of Machpelah. The clerical guardians, or "Dean and Chapter" of the Mosque, as he facetiously calls them, place a lamp there at night, to light up the saints' true resting-place, and written prayers or memorials are cast through the hole, to be received by the patriarchs who dwell there. In our judgment, these "mysteries of Hebron" were quite unworthy of the attention which Dr. Stanley bestowed upon them. The character of Abraham is venerable indeed, not less to all Christians in England, than to the Jews and Mohammedans of the East; but this ghost of a patriarch, main-

tained by Moslem superstition in a gloomy underground cellar, to receive the petitions of the faithful prepaid by a fee to the priests, deserves no particular respect.

We cannot, however, charge Dr. Stanley with similar indiscretion in the next instance,—that of his visit to Mount Gerizim, upon the occasion of celebrating the Samaritan Passover, which is the only opportunity that still remains of witnessing the actual performance of the "bloody sacrifice," with the ancient ritual of the Mosaic code. His account of this scene is full of interest, if we consider that the small community of Samaritans, numbering about one hundred and fifty, who come up from Nablous for this ceremony, "at the full moon of Nisan," that was, on the 13th of April last year, represent the habits and customs of a once great nation, whose flocks and herds were pastured over the plains of Western Asia far and wide. Their high priest, claiming to be the last descendant of Aaron, stands on the rocky platform, at sunset on the appointed day, surrounded by the men clad in robes of sacred white. He chants the Hebrew liturgy of prayer and praise, till suddenly up come six or seven youths, each bringing a sheep or a lamb; and then,—as the sun dips below the horizon, at the reading of that passage in the book of Exodus which narrates what was done on the eve of the Passover, ere the bondage of Egypt was broken,—the people raise a wild murmur of acclamation; knives are brandished; the sheep are, in a moment, thrown down and slaughtered; and fingers, dipped in the flowing blood, mark the foreheads of the children with the mystic token of the chosen race of God. They all congratulate and kiss each other as brethren; the sheep, flayed and disembowelled, with many signs and phrases of consecration, and spitted on poles in the form of a cross, are hastily roasted, in holes dug in the rock for that purpose; at midnight there is a wild, eager, hearty feast, eaten on mats spread upon the ground, as though in the hurry of the moment of their departure. The fragments are carefully gathered up, and consumed by fire; the little band of Israelites then leave the mountain top, and return to their homes, after commemorating, in the fashion of three thousand years, the miraculous deliverance, "unhistoric" as Dr. Colenso deems it, of their captive race.

In Galilee, which must, after all, be the most interesting district of Palestine, the Prince of Wales and his company, having come from St. Jean d'Acre up the valleys overlooked by Mount Tabor, spent several days of the Easter week. They were at Nazareth on Good Friday; but the tempestuous weather prevented them from exploring that neighbourhood as they might have wished to do. Dr. Stanley's notice of the birthplace of our Lord is, therefore, so cursory and meagre as to add nothing to what was said of it in his former work. He recognized the village of Cana, distant about four hours' journey from Nazareth, in the ruins of a cluster of houses, now entirely deserted, upon a rocky spur of the hills at the western edge of the plain of Asochis or Buttauf, an upland continuation of the plain of Acre. The ground just below this village is swampy and overgrown with reeds, and from these he thinks the name Khana, which the place still retains, may possibly have been derived. Cisterns and a deep well, from which, perhaps, the water was drawn for the marriage-feast, are cut there in the rock; and a fig-tree, which reminds him of that one beneath whose shade the guileless Nathanael was found sitting, grows close by. This place is at the entrance of a wooded glen, one of the most beautiful pieces of scenery in the Holy Land. The mountains of Galilee, properly so called, stand opposite, on the eastern side of the plain, and Nazareth, enclosed between them, is out of sight beyond. The most striking description, however, is that of the Lake of Gennesareth or Tiberias, shut in by mountains east and west, which appeared to Dr. Stanley, on his second visit, when he suddenly looked down upon it from the overhanging hills of Hattin, above the western shore of the lake, to be a prospect of surpassing grandeur, apart from its sacred associations.

Walking, on the afternoon of that Easter day, along the shores of the lake to the southern end, Dr. Stanley reached the flat, grassy plain through which the Jordan emerges from it, as the Rhone does from the Lake of Geneva, but quietly, and in a scene remote from human dwellings. Next day, the Royal party rode northwards along the smooth white beach, passing the mouth of the deep rocky glen of Beth-Arbel, called the "Valley of Doves," and the traces of an artificial platform, cut high up, on the cliff side, which perhaps mark the site of lofty Capernaum; while Bethsaida is, by an eager imagination, recognized upon the gentle hill, at the northern end of the lake, rising from the marshy plain, overgrown with thickets of oleander and one group of five palm-trees, through which the turbid Jordan, pouring down from Hermon and Lebanon, as the Upper Rhone descends from the mountains of the Valais, carries its brown waters to mix with the crystal waves of the deep inland sea. A broad green level, above the fancied site of Bethsaida, may have been "the much grass," on which the multitude of Christ's hearers sat, and were miraculously fed; still higher, there is a bare ridge, to which "desert place." He may afterwards have retired alone, overlooking the whole length of the lake, with the ship in which the disciples had embarked that evening still tossed about on the stormy water. Dr. Stanley's conjecture about this locality would seem, indeed, to involve a discrepancy between the narrative of St. Mark and that of St. John; since one of them states that they sailed towards Capernaum, and the other says that they went "to the other side unto Bethsaida," which does not agree with his supposition that the grassy platform just above Bethsaida was the place where the congregation had met together. "The disputed sites," however, "of the cities of Gennesareth must remain

disputed; it is only the great unchangeable natural features of the district that we can distinctly trace at this day. A correct map of the topography of Galilee would have been far more useful to the reader of Dr. Stanley's book than the woodcut in which he gives us Captain Mansell's rough-drawn plan of the famous cluster of cedars on Mount Lebanon, whose exact position is of no historical importance.

The royal yacht, on its homeward voyage, touched at the isle of Patmos, the abode of St. John in his exile; and Dr. Stanley of course visited the little Greek chapel, or hermitage, called the *κατάπαυσις*, or "The Repose" (as *Le Reposeur* is the name not unfrequently given to such places in the Alps of Catholic Switzerland or Savoy), which stands half-way up the hill, between the port and the modern town of La Scala, commanding a view of the sea. This is declared by tradition to be the place at which, in a cave under the chapel, the vision of the Apocalypse was beheld. Dr. Stanley, however, remarking that, from the topmost peak in the island, the Apostle might have had an extensive prospect of several of the islands of the Archipelago, including Samos and Icaria, with a portion of the coast of Asia (distant, we believe, some forty miles), has conceived a strange theory to account for the imagery of the Book of Revelations, which he thinks to have been borrowed from various features of the scenery actually before John's eyes. The sea around him, the mountains and islands within sight, the sky, which now and then displayed great white clouds, or was darkened by tempests of thunder and hail, or cheered with a rainbow, did enter into the apostle's common experience at Patmos, as they were beheld by Homer some hundreds of years before; yet it seems rash to presume that these physical accidents of his position really served to illustrate a directly inspired communication of spiritual truths. Dr. Stanley goes so far as to remark that the contorted and sinuous figure of the craggy island which lay beneath John's feet (supposing him ever to have climbed to its highest summit), may well have suggested the monstrous form of the beast with many heads, the huge dragon rising out of the sea, in his sublime allegory of the future trials and triumphs of the Church. This is a grotesque fancy which we cannot approve.

THE ANGEL IN THE HOUSE.*

In this age of rapid writing, we seldom meet with a work which has been so deliberately planned and so carefully executed as the poem which Mr. Patmore now publishes for the first time in its complete form. Fourteen years have elapsed since it was commenced, and during that period he has steadily remained faithful to his original design. Such constancy richly deserves success, and successful his undertaking has proved. For his generous enthusiasm for what is good and true, his appreciation of the nobility of virtuous love, and his courage in maintaining a long struggle with what he considers a poetic heresy, have won him the affection of many, the respect of all. His opponents, no less than his admirers, admit the skill with which he has handled a difficult theme, and allow him full credit for the fruitful labour he has bestowed on the language and versification of his work. And as to the originality of his plan they are agreed; it is his choice of subject on which they are at variance. It is a subject, say some critics, which all preceding poets have left untouched, or dwelt upon but lightly, considering it as belonging to the domains of prose rather than of verse. And at least the second part of "The Angel in the House" must be essentially prosaic, they affirm, inasmuch as it is devoted to the innocent loves of married people. A guilty passion, they admit, is always romantic, and love before marriage is the recognized source of a lyric poet's inspiration, but the wedded life which is unrelieved by intrigue is too dull and commonplace, they say, to be immortalized in song. The poetry of love is sacrificed on the Hymeneal altar, and the words of the nuptial benediction break the spell of its ideal charm. For them

"Mit dem Gürtel, mit dem Schleier
Reisst der schöne Wahn entzwei,"

And they hold that Psyche is no longer interesting when Eros has become her lawful owner. Mr. Patmore has thought otherwise, deeming that true love must ever be worthy of the noblest poetry, and that it is only in wedded life that it reaches its fullest development and attains to its highest degree of refinement; and, therefore, that the poet who seeks to analyze its nature and describe its influence, should trace it throughout its career instead of deserting it at the end of the first period of its existence. We fully agree with him, and consider the charge brought against his choice of subject as captious and unfounded.

Mr. Patmore has long been prized by thoughtful readers. The circle of his admirers embraces many of those whose good opinion is a certificate of merit, and whose esteem is an enduring reward. But hitherto, it must be said, Mr. Patmore has never done justice to himself. The poem, which we now possess in its entirety, has been published by instalments, and its fragments, though admirable in themselves, yet seemed somewhat hard and bare when standing alone, wanting the grace and harmony which become fully recognizable only when we see them linked together.

The first two books of the "Angel in the House" are devoted to "The Betrothal" and "The Espousals" of the hero. Their story is sufficiently simple, and no great exertion of the intellect is necessary for its comprehension. Through them the stream of

true love runs smoothly, broken only by just sufficient ripple to render its surface a blaze of gold. Fortune has smiled on Felix Vaughan and bestowed on him the three blessings which the ancient Greeks chiefly desired of the gods—health, good looks, and independent means. Moreover he bids fair to become statesman and poet, and he has in addition the appreciation of beauty which accompanies artistic tastes, and the capacity of loving, with which only generous natures are endowed. He falls in love with Honoria, the daughter of his neighbour, Dean Churchill, and in the first part of the work we witness the effect which a noble desire has on an ardent and chivalrous mind. Very attractive is the description of the sweet English home in which Honoria lived:—

"A tent pitch'd in a world not right
It seem'd, whose inmates, every one,
On tranquil faces bore the light
Of duties beautifully done."

Very charming is the picture drawn of her, and most delicate is the rendering of the changing lights and shadows of his life, shifting according as she is near or distant. We may take as a specimen the description of his visit to the Cathedral Close during her absence:—

"How tranquil and unsecular
The precinct! once, through yonder gate,
I saw her go, and knew from far
Her noble form and gentle state;
Her dress had brushed this wicket; here
She turn'd her face, and laugh'd, with looks
Like moonbeams on a wavering mere;
This was her stall, these were her books;
Here had she knelt. Here now I stay'd,
While prayers were read: in grief's despite
Felt grief assuaged; then homeward stray'd,
Weary beforehand of the night.
The blackbird, in the shadowy wood,
Talk'd by himself, and eastward grew
In heaven the symbol of my mood,
Where one bright star engross'd the blue."

And how tender is the reserve, how deep is the subdued feeling of these lines:—

"Twice rose, twice died my trembling word;
The faint and frail cathedral chimes
Spoke time in music, and we heard
The chafers rustling in the limes.
Her dress, that touch'd me where I stood,
The warmth of her confided arm,
Her bosom's gentle neighbourhood,
Her pleasure in her power to charm;
Her look, her love, her form, her touch,
The least seem'd most by blissful turn,
Blissful but that it pleased too much,
And taught the wayward soul to yearn.
It was as if a harp with wires
Was traversed by the breath I drew;
And, oh, sweet meeting of desires,
She, answering, own'd that she loved too."

At this point ends the first book. The prize has been sought and won; its effect on the winner has next to be described. The second book traces the influence of happy love on the mind between the periods of betrothal and marriage. The revulsion which takes place in a man's feelings when his queen abdicates in his favour, when his goddess steps down from her pedestal and looks up to him instead of deigning to regard him from above; the rush of love which then takes place to fill the space which reverence has left vacant; the sudden fears and groundless alarms which startle him at times from his dream of bliss; the strange uncertainty and the doubts as to the reality of passing events which beset the mind as the crisis of life draws near; the varied emotions with which the lover's heart is then thrilled, and the shifting fancies which dance before his eyes,—such are the subjects of this part of the song, and very admirably are they treated. There can be but few readers who are not competent from personal experience to test the truth of Mr. Patmore's descriptions, and the singular popularity which this portion of the work has obtained is the best possible proof of their fidelity. With the marriage, the book closes, and at the point where the author usually takes leave of his characters, commences the second and most important part of the poem.

As in "The Betrothal" and "The Espousals" we have watched love's sunny day from early morn to blissful eve, so in "Faithful for Ever" we see the reverse of the picture—the dreary night, lit at first by neither moon nor stars, which steepens in its cold shadow the life of one who has loved in vain. Frederick Graham is as passionately devoted to his cousin, Honoria Churchill, as is his successful rival, Felix Vaughan. But he keeps the secret from her; only his letters to his mother express his feelings. He divines the influence which Vaughan exercises over her, and goes away without daring to ask her to be his. For two years his duties as a sailor keep him from home, and on his return he hears of Honoria's marriage. Then comes the blank despair which blots out the sun from heaven, and even draws a veil between God and man, followed at first by the impulse to seek relief in lower pleasures, and then by the tranquil sorrow which strengthens even while it pains. He sees his lost love and him who has won her, and the effort to conquer himself and worthily to welcome them restores somewhat of

* The Angel in the House. By Coventry Patmore. Macmillan.

his peace of mind. He is hopeless, but his sorrow is no longer a merely selfish indulgence. It is a sadness which enables him to sympathise with all who grieve, a suffering which purifies and exalts the soul. Six months pass away, and he takes the step to which so many men commit themselves who have given up the one great hope of their lives, and think that all else is of little consequence. He marries a woman whom he esteems and likes, although he can hardly be said to love her. He declares that he is contented and almost happy, and generally he is so, but sometimes, he says, when she is sitting beside him, there falls

"Dejection, and a chilling shade.
Remember'd pleasures, as they fade,
Salute me, and, in fading, grow,
Like footprints in the thawing snow.
I feel oppress'd beyond my force
With foolish envy and remorse.
I love this woman, but I might
Have loved some else with more delight;
And strange it seems of God that he
Should make a vain capacity."

Meanwhile his wife perceives that she does not hold the first place in his heart, but she strives hard with proud humility to render herself more worthy of him, and to make him as happy as she would be if she could but please him. She is of a commonplace nature, but Love works miracles with her, and some subtle sense within tells her how to make herself dear to her husband. Day by day her natural and acquired faults grow less perceptible, her mind expands, the generous impulses which a cold and rigorous training had numbed are quickened by the sunbeams of happiness, and after a while the woman whom Frederick had taken in despair proves herself worthy of his deliberate choice. The book ends with the seventh year of his married life. He has not yet fully recovered from his old love-fever, nor can he yet calmly witness the wedded bliss of the former mistress of his affections. But he has found a tranquil contentment in his own position, and wanders on through the world with his wife and children, fully acknowledging her worth, and wondering at times why he should still cling to the Past, when the Present bestows on him such precious gifts.

And now come "The Victories of Love." At the commencement of the book we find Frederick and his wife staying at the Vaughans' country-house. Four years more have passed away, and Time, the consoler, has played his appointed part. Frederick has not bated one jot of his admiration for Honoria, but he is able to be in her presence without experiencing any longer a pang of sorrow or remorse. He loves her, he confesses, no less than ever he did, but it is no longer with the feverish passion which once swept across his heart, but rather with the quiet joy which the presence of what is beautiful and noble inspires.

"For, somehow, he whose daily life
Adjusts itself to one true wife,
Grows to a nuptial, near degree
With all that's fair and womanly.
Therefore, as more than friends, we met,
Without constraint, without regret;
The wedded yoke that each had donn'd,
Seeming a sanction, not a bond."

He feels that his wife is to him a blessing beyond all that he could have hoped, though he says the lyric time of youth has passed away with him, and he does not possess the joys which once he might have had. Some unrecognized discontent still lurks in his mind, and his wife fears, at times, that he is more resigned than happy, but still she goes on quietly winning her way into his heart of hearts. At last she feels that Love has gained the final victory, but it is only when her earthly career is drawing to its close. Death marks her for his own, and she slowly fades away. Then, as the shadows of night blot out the garish light of day, and the heavenly brightness of her character shines with a clearer, steadier radiance, all other influences give way to hers in Frederick's heart. One night, she says, as she lay apparently locked in slumber, and he sat watching by her bed,

"I heard, or dream'd I heard him pray:
'Oh, Father, take her not away!
Let not life's dear assurance lapse
Into death's agonized "Perhaps,"
A hope without Thy sanction, where
Less than assurance is despair!
Give me some sign, if go she must,
That death's not worse than dust to dust,
Not heaven on whose oblivious shore,
Joy I may have, but her no more!"

Then her last doubts and fears vanish; she feels that his heart at length is hers, and hers alone. All troubles and sorrows flee away. In the presence of this great joy the sorrow of parting is silent, the misery of bygone years is forgotten. In the tenderest, the most touching language, she bids him farewell. It would be difficult to find in the poetry of any time or country as delicate and pathetic an expression of a true-hearted woman's noble affection. In it this poem reaches its climax, speaking in its most thrilling tones, and most clearly unveiling the meaning with which it is fraught throughout. The hope which remains for individual love in death is, from first to last, the burden of the song. In the earlier parts it speaks chiefly in simile and metaphor; as the story unfolds itself, the allusions to the future state and mutual recog-

nition in it become more distinct; and, finally, we have the full assurance of love's immortality expressed in Frederick's letter to Honoria after his wife's death:—

"All I am sure of heaven is this:
Howe'er the mode, I shall not miss
One true delight which I have known.
Not on the changeable earth alone
Shall loyalty remain unmoved
Towards everything I ever loved.
So Heaven's voice calls, like Rachel's voice
To Jacob in the field, 'Rejoice!
Serve on some seven more sordid years,
Too short for weariness or tears;
Serve on; then, oh, Beloved, well-tried,
Take me for ever as thy Bride!'"

With this extract, we must take leave of Mr. Patmore's noble poem. We have not the space in which to quote the lines which describe the full perfection of the love of Felix and Honoria, of their happiness so complete that it leaves no bliss to be desired. In their case, we have watched the progress of the stream of true love, fretting at little obstacles, or singing as it goes between banks rich with fruits and flowers; becoming by degrees a wider and a deeper stream, and at length gliding tranquilly along, a gleaming river, enriching the land through which it flows, and assuming towards the end of its course somewhat of the majesty of that vast ocean into which it will be absorbed. We have seen, while watching the fortunes of Frederick Graham, how the day-star of true love can dispel the darkness of despair, and how the sweet influences of womanly affection can gradually loosen the bands which sorrow has drawn round a wounded heart; and we are shown that deep religious feeling is not only consistent with the existence of passionate love, but is even necessary for its fullest development, and an indispensable agent in its perfect continuance.

Before closing the book, let us draw the reader's attention to the miscellaneous poems which are comprised in the second volume. "Tamerton Church Tower" will be familiar to many, but the shorter pieces which follow it will be new to the majority even of Mr. Patmore's admirers. Those who remember their first appearance will be surprised and gratified to see the alterations which they have undergone. In their case, as in that of the "Angel in the House," the greatest pains have been taken to insure perfection, and no sacrifice has been thought too great which could possibly conduce to it.

GENEVA AND THE REFORMATION IN EUROPE.*

THE reputation which Dr. Merle D'Aubigné owes to the five volumes of his "History of the Reformation in the Sixteenth Century," will be fully maintained by this new work, its natural sequel and completion. We congratulate him, therefore, upon having lived to bring so near its close the noble task which he first proposed to himself nearly half a century ago. He tells us, in his preface, that it was in 1818 that Neander pressed him to undertake a History of the Reformation of Calvin, and that he then entertained the project of doing so, after he should have written the History of the Reformation of Luther. Two portly octavos of the Reformation of Calvin are now before us, and two more are to be published in the course of the year. Judging from the scale on which this first portion of the story is constructed—Calvin, whose "Times" are to be the subject of it, being a student at the University of Orleans at the opening of the second volume—we may look for several more instalments, equal in bulk to the one already issued.

Even if we were inclined to complain of the remote point in time at which the historian has seen fit to begin his narrative, or of the great space occupied by what is only preliminary to the main theme, we should be effectually silenced by the very good reasons which he gives for adopting this plan; and if these reasons failed, by the singular charm, the freshness, and fascination of the preliminary narrative itself. Nothing in human history stands isolated and alone. No life, no fact, but is what it is, by reason of other lives, and other facts, which have preceded it in time, and is only to be comprehended by means of an adequate acquaintance with them. The higher the significance of the life, and the larger and more complex the fact to be studied, the more important it becomes to look well before and after, if we hope to attain to anything like clear perception and real knowledge. We laugh heartily with Knickerbocker, who begins the "History of New York" at the creation of the world; but we have to acknowledge, notwithstanding, that pedigrees both of men and events do reach back at least as far as Adam and the garden of Eden. It is, then, for solid reasons that Dr. Merle D'Aubigné has introduced his "History of the Reformation in the Time of Calvin," by a sufficiently detailed sketch of the history of Geneva, the home of the Reformer and the seat of the theocracy which he established; and especially of the long exciting struggle through which the city heroically maintained, and at length permanently secured, its political independence.

The history of Geneva is, in great part, written from original documents and important manuscripts; the latter including the registers of the Council of Geneva, histories written by two of the Syndics, and many papers found in the archives of the city. It

* History of the Reformation in Europe, in the Time of Calvin. By J. H. Merle d'Aubigné, D.D. Vols. I. and II. Longmans.

will have the charm of novelty to most readers. Many characteristic passages of contemporary documents are reproduced with the happiest effect, frequently imparting such life and startling reality to the pictures of the past, as only the greatest masters, by their most cunning touches of imagination, know how to produce. Without assigning a place in the highest rank of such writers to the historian of the Reformation, we must commend the artistic performance of this work, in spite of his modest expression of regret for its shortcomings in this respect.

With all this, Dr. Merle D'Aubigné never allows his readers to forget that he is a theologian. We cannot help sometimes wishing that he did not feel it necessary to give us, in his valuable works of history, such frequent repetitions of those curious little theological sentences and pulpit axioms which stand at the beginning and end of so many chapters, besides appearing in many other places. Truths do not gain in force by being converted into truisms. The chant of a chorus accompanying the action of a play would not have been very impressive, if it had consisted of nothing more than the monotonous repetition of a few formal phrases. We are further somewhat amused by our author's fondness for *triads*. On page 2 of his first volume we read,—"Three great movements were carried out in this city during the first half of the sixteenth century. . . . Berthelier, Farel, and Calvin are the three heroes of these three epics." At page 10, "Modern liberties proceed from three different sources, from the union of three characters, three laws, three conquests,—the Roman, the German, the Christian." At page 15, "Three powers in their turn threatened these liberties" of Geneva. A triad of Genevese patriots allied themselves with Switzerland in 1507; and in 1513 six more, a double triad, followed their example (pp. 49, 50). "Three acts" we are told (p. 428), "are necessary to unite man again with God." "The three great nations on earth" are spoken of at p. 538. And so forth. It might be a curious inquiry from what metaphysical speculations he may have derived this disposition to see and to group things by threes.

The relation of the Reformation to modern liberty, treated of in the first chapter of the history, is a subject of profound interest, and involves problems so vast and so complex that all but the very wisest heads may as well let it alone. Our author naturally leans towards that view which would attribute the largest beneficial influence to the Reformation, and we confess that our own sympathies lie that way. For this very reason it is the more needful to be on our guard against hasty conclusions in accordance with our wishes, and to insist on keeping in mind the principle of the Horatian "*Vixere fortes*." Our author feels the difficulty, but does not see his way out of it. He speaks uncertainly; and after writing a passage which appears to make too large a claim on behalf of the Reformation, he writes another, which reduces that claim to a minimum, returning, however, to the former view immediately and frequently. We notice that he takes a very early opportunity of referring to the delicate subject of the relations of Calvin and Servetus (p. 7-8). Naturally anxious to prepossess his readers, if possible, in favour of the Genevese Reformer, or at least to abate to some extent what appear to himself to be "inveterate prejudices against him," the plea which he puts in is altogether insufficient, not only to set aside the verdict of the world, but even to modify it to any material extent.

Of all the "questions" which at present perplex the world, and await wise practical solution, the greatest and most difficult is perhaps that of the mutual relation of Church and State; and of all the forms in which it presents itself the most momentous is, probably, that of the temporal power of the Pope. These chapters of Genevese history, setting forth in the liveliest way the difficulties, discussions, and conflicts which arose in that city three centuries ago respecting a question essentially the same—namely, the authority of the Prince-Bishop, or Pope in little,—and the end of which was his fall, can hardly fail to be read with that thorough sympathy which is made possible only by similarity of experience.

We shall not attempt to give our readers an outline even of the story, which is crowded with incidents and surprises, with heroic deeds and endurance, and also with foul deeds and shames. For the narrowness of the field—a small city—the variety of characters presented may well astonish us. The dewdrop is big enough to hold an image of the heavens and earth; and a city, closely studied, mirrors an empire. We must select a passage or two by way of fortifying our opinion of the book, and of inducing our readers to lose no time in reading it for themselves.

The Dukes of Savoy were ambitious of becoming masters of Geneva, and had hope of success by the connivance of the Pope, who was asked to give the bishopric of Geneva to one of the princes of Savoy.

"A singular circumstance favoured this remarkable intrigue. Duke Amadeus VIII., who had been rejected by the citizens a few years before, succeeded in an unexpected manner. In 1434, having abdicated in favour of his eldest son, he assumed the hermit's frock at Ripaille, on the Lake of Geneva; and the Council of Basle having nominated him pope, he took the name of Felix V., and made use of his pontifical authority to create himself Bishop and Prince of Geneva. A pope making himself a bishop—strange thing indeed! Here is the key to the enigma: the Pope was a prince of Savoy; the see was the see of Geneva."

Subsequently, John, named the Bastard of Savoy, was appointed by the Pope bishop of Geneva, and he had sworn to give up the

temporal authority in the city to the Duke, the Pope pledging himself to force the city to submit. One part of the diabolical policy of Savoy was to irritate the citizens by plundering and violence, and thus provoke a revolt which would be a pretext for the meditated conquest. In 1515, Claude Vandel, a distinguished lawyer, was arrested by stratagem and carried off to the bishop's prison. The city was agitated, and the council met. Philibert Berthelier was present, one of the noblest of the citizens, ever trusted and turned in the hour of peril, a simple, calm, heroic man, whom the bastard foolishly fancied he had bought by giving him a governorship of a castle.

The arrest was described, and Berthelier exclaimed,—

"To maintain the liberties of the city, we must act without fear; let us rescue the citizen whom traitors have seized." John Taccon, captain-general, and at the same time a pensioner of the bishop's, stopped him: 'Gently,' said he, 'if we do as you advise, certain inconveniences may follow.' Berthelier in great excitement exclaimed: 'Now the pensioners are showing themselves!' At these words Taccon could not contain himself: 'It was you,' he said, 'yes, you, who showed me the way to take a pension.' On hearing this reproach, Berthelier pulled out the bishop's letters appointing him governor of Peney, and which he had brought with him to the council, and tore them in pieces before the meeting, saying: 'Since I showed you the way to take them, look, I now show you the way to resign them.'

The excitement and determination of the citizens alarmed the bishop or his council, and Vandel was set at liberty.

A practical joke of Berthelier on the death of a mule belonging to Claude Grossi, an unpopular magistrate, rose to grave importance as one of the steps towards the overthrow of tyranny. There was an evening gathering of the young patriots the day the mule died, and Berthelier was with them.

"Gentlemen," said Berthelier, after supper, 'it is a long time since this merry company has had any fun.' They were all agreed. Berthelier delighted in setting his enemies at defiance without any regard for the consequences. 'The mule of the respectable Claude Grossi is dead,' he continued; 'that judge is a wretch continually beating after us and our friends. Let us play him a trick; let us sell his mule's skin by auction to the highest bidder.' The proposal was adopted by acclamation.

One Littlejohn, a jester, was sent for:—

"Here," said Berthelier, 'here's a proclamation for you to cry through the streets. Forward!' All marched out with drawn swords, and, with the drummer at their head, began to traverse the streets, stopping at every place where the ordinary publications were made. After a roll of the drum, Master Littlejohn blew a horn and cried with his squeaking voice: 'O yes, this is to give notice that whoever wishes to buy the skin of a beast, of the grossest ass in Geneva, and will call at the house situate between the keeper's and the Hôtel de Ville, it will be sold to the highest bidder.'

Immediately follows the strange pathetic story of the arrest, torture, and most singular deliverance of Pécolat. Another crime of the bishop, which was also one more step towards his fall, was the arrest and execution of the two patriots, Blanchet and Navis. They were beheaded and quartered at Turin; but the brutal tyrant was not yet satisfied. He had the flesh pickled, and the heads and limbs packed in barrels, to send to Geneva:—

"The bearers of these two pickle-tubs started from Turin, crossed Mont Cenis, arrived in the basin of the Lemman on Saturday, October 2, 1518, and lodged on 'the other side of the Arve.' On the bank of this river, which then separated the ducal states from those of Geneva, at the foot of the bridge on the Savoy side, stood a fine walnut-tree, whose leafy branches spread opposite the church of Our Lady of Grace on the Genevan side. The bishop's agents, who had received orders to make an exhibition of the mutilated limbs for the benefit of the Genevans, proceeded to the bridge on Saturday night in order to discharge their disgraceful commission under cover of the darkness. They carried with them, in addition to their casks filled with flesh, brine, and blood, a ladder, a hammer, some nails and cord. On reaching the tree they opened the barrels and found the features well preserved and easily recognisable. The bastard's agents climbed the tree, and nailed the heads and arms to the branches in such a manner as to be seen by all the passers by. They fixed a placard underneath, bearing these words: 'These are the traitors of Geneva;' and the white cross of Savoy above."

The passion for independence was infinitely intensified.

We wish we had space to quote the account of the arrest of Berthelier. He lost his head for liberty, as he had said he must. But he faced death serenely, believing "there could be no evil in life to him who has learned that the privation of life is not an evil." In a lovely spot on the bank of the Rhone, at early morning, he was arrested and carried off, caressing his pet weasel as he walked. It accompanied him into the prison. Strangely pathetic this human sympathy with animal life may at times become! Philibert Berthelier was a man of the noblest character, one of the "selectest spirits" of the world, and far above the comprehension of all mere partisans. Dr. Merle D'Aubigné is evidently impressed by the moral grandeur of this man, of whom he gives us a bold and vivid portraiture, although the admiration which he cannot help feeling for Berthelier is chilled and checked by some doubts about his quality as a theologian.

We have not attempted in this notice to enter upon the wider field opened in the second volume of the history, to which we may return upon a future occasion.

VERNER'S PRIDE.*

It is possible that people will soon get tired of the sensation novel, and young ladies will cease to thrill over bigamy and murder, which fill our fashionable novels as in the days of the Minerva Press. Perhaps, then it will be found that the ladies who write our novels and the gentlemen who compile our dramas are driven to the present fashion by the same cause, extreme weakness of conception. One of Mr. Thackeray's kitchenmaids is laughed at in his *Miscellanies* for recommending a novel to the heroine as "the gashliest she ever read;" it seems now as if that kitchenmaid had been gifted with prophetic forethought; she was a woman before her age, and, therefore, unappreciated; but she might now be of great use to publishers in guiding the public to books of sufficient "gashliness."

The Newgate style was introduced by Bulwer Lytton, and many people were delighted with Dick Turpin and his friends, who, if they were rascals, were at least genuine characters. Their crimes were fully described, and sometimes applauded; but they stood out in bold relief, with all their repulsive language of habits, and were very likely useful as a study of human nature. But the Simple Newgate has unhappily produced other styles worse than itself. There is the muscular heathen, or Guy Livingstone style: in this the hero is generally a brute, rendered romantic by immense strength and knowledge of Greek, combined with a certain music in the writing and art in the plot. But there is also that style which is just now so fashionable, and which we may call the Renaissance Newgate, a puny imitation of the classical model. This has produced many novels lately, which are much bought and talked about, and which are all full of namby-pamby sentiment and stupid crimes. People feared a year or two ago that ladies would be compelled to substitute the Pastorals of Georges Sand's later style for the Mayfair moralities, but now it is much worse; a lady will soon be thought "a little odd" or "a little fast," who does not confine herself wholly to French novels. The new school combines the viciousness of Dick Turpin with the sham sentiment of Guy Livingstone, without the truth of the first or the art of the second. As women are the chief consumers and producers of novels, and as what they ought to want is "a smooth tale generally of love," to amuse and somewhat instruct them, it does seem very odd that there should be such a run on crime. There is always enough in the *Times*, with the advantage of not being nonsensical as well as shocking. But if the interest felt in these vulgar Lady A.'s and Lady L.'s is merely bred by a literary toadyism, then the case is still more hopeless. We must, however, give up the problem of why these books are read, though we can, perhaps, account for their being written.

A novel written hurriedly to order for a weekly periodical is expected to have a fixed amount of "sensation" in each number, while it would be unreasonable to expect much artistic handling of the plot or delicate finish of detail, such as made "Adam Bede" almost a perfect novel. Just as the readers of the *London Journal* or *Family Herald* are weekly gratified by reading how the Lady Gwendolen shot two ruffians, or the old marquis was smitten by Heaven for his crimes, so the more refined subscribers to the popular magazines expect at least a fresh murder or bigamy started in each number. It is like reading a succession of slovenly reports of a series of Road murders. Some writers take special lines: for instance, a very celebrated authoress has almost monopolized the bigamy department; but the writer of "Verner's Pride" has boldly attempted success in all sorts of crime at once. The extraordinary success of "East Lynne," which appeared in a religious weekly paper, led to a large sale of "The Channings" and "Mrs. Halliburton's Troubles," which are a mixture of diluted "Tom Brown's Schooldays" and reports on petty larceny. "Verner's Pride" is a still more ambitious attempt in the numbers of *Once a Week*: it abandons the evangelical teaching of its predecessors, and is confined to crime. The plot is not over simple, and yet is hardly worthy of being called a plot at all. It has as much complicated action as would fill a story like the "Woman in White" or "No Name;" but the improbability is not redeemed by skilful use of the theatrical apparatus of fiction, which makes those novels amusing for a time. The owner of the estate of "Verner's Pride" conceives that he is bound to restore it at his death to the son of his elder brother rather than to leave it to his own stepsons. On account, however, of suspecting his nephew to be the hero of a very brutal seduction and murder, he alters his will. The actual murderer might easily have been found by the police, as one of the three young gentlemen was seen with the girl when she was drowned; no one could say which of the three it was, and the matter is allowed to rest. In fact, had the police come on the scene the book could not have gone on, for the uncertainty allows each of the three in turn to be considered the murderer, and in turn to tantalize a melodramatic brother who goes round the pond publicly and continually with a gun, and only wants to shoot the right man in the right place.

Shortly before the old man's death he alters his will again, and gives back the estate to Lionel by a codicil, which is witnessed by an old friend and a doctor, whose daughter has just married the reputed heir for his expectations. Of course, as the doctor was by no means an interested witness, it is strange that he should steal the codicil, and thereby make his daughter the wife of the heir; it is far stranger that no one suspects him, though there was

no one else to do it; stranger still that the ousted owner only mutters something about police, but never sends for them; and, perhaps, strangest of all, that the wicked doctor never destroys the codicil, but persists in leaving it about, so as always to be on the verge of discovery. When at last an explosion of chemicals throws it before the right man, the doctor is mildly treated even then. Jan Verner, a comic character, brings the news to the then owner of the land:—

"That codicil has come to light."

"John puffed on vigorously, staring at Jan, but never speaking."

"The thief must have been old West. Only think! it has been hidden all this while (some years) in that bureau of his in my bedroom."

"What has unhidden it?" demanded Mr. Massingbird in a half-satirical tone, as if he doubted the truth of the information.

"An explosion did that. To talk of it sounds like an old stage trick."

"Where's the codicil?" inquired Mr. Massingbird, smoking away.

"In Matir's charge. You'd like to be present, I suppose, at the time of it's being opened?"

"I can take your word. This does not surprise me. I have always had an impression that the codicil would turn up."

"It is more than I have had," dissented Jan."

All this is rather unnatural, but not so violent as some other transmutations of possession in this book. The reader may say with a certain Sir Henry, who appears at the end with untold gold, "What a very extraordinary course of events seems to have taken place with regard to Verner's Pride! Now your brother's; now not his; then his again, then not his; I cannot make it out."

But we must mention some of the chief characters as well as the plot. The hero, Lionel, is rather like Mr. Carlyle in "East Lynne." He is meant to be perfect, and is only dull; he marries a widow, Sibylla, but is all along making love to and kissing the other perfect character, Lucy. At one time he is certain that his wife's first husband is alive; he thinks it would be unfair to leave her against her will. She, however, remains under a protest that she intends to keep to the real owner of "Verner's Pride," whoever he may be. This brings us to the character of Sibylla. We do not ever remember to have read of a more repulsively vulgar and bad character. She is, however, only meant to be silly and a little unprincipled, though very charming. We should not so much mind her robbing her husband, or even twitting him continually with "her first," but when it comes to her chuckling at him and "chaffing" him for the above-mentioned seduction and murder, which she looks on as a venial peccadillo, it is a little too bad. The real culprit turns out to be her first husband. But it would be impossible to show fully the deep vulgarity of this character without going right through the book, which we have done, but could not conscientiously recommend to any one else. It is not only vulgarity of language and bad English, to which we object, but it is to the whole character, and the evident feeling of the writer, that she has only drawn a frivolous little lady.

The other women in the book are not so objectionable; there is a cold and haughty Lady Verner, a good Lady Mary who makes love to the second hero, a surgeon; also Lucy before-mentioned, who is drawn as the perfection of female character, and who makes rather broader love to the first hero. Then we have a certain Mrs. Peckaby (comic), who wants to be a Mormon, and certain mysteriously bad characters, who are kept in the background throughout the book. We are only told that they are bad characters.

The comic characters are better than the serious, because the vulgarity is not quite so apparent here. The second hero is meant to be very comic. Jan is a surgeon, brother to Lionel Verner, who is always very blunt and simple (sometimes to the verge of idiocy), and who always dangles his legs. There is a blacksmith, Peckaby, who laughs at his wife for expecting a white donkey to take her to the New Jerusalem, and a Master Cheese who eats enormously. Each of these characters have their special point of comedy, and they are not in one single instance alluded to without making that point.

It will be seen that the jokes must be very good not to be spoilt by all this repetition.

The Estate of Verner's Pride, after fluctuating between Lionel and his step-cousins, John and Frederick, who are all in turn the owners, finally comes to Lionel. The rough gold-digger, John Massingbird, who was dead for the first volume and a half, finally retires, and does not continue his practice of impersonating his dead brother Frederick, as a ghost running round the pond where the poor girl died. That refined joke produces a good deal of complication in the second volume, and threatens at one time to make out Lionel a bigamist; that is happily prevented by honest Jan garotting the ghost. Then Sibylla is removed, by making her dance to death at a ball, so that nothing remains but the happy marriage of the hero and heroine. This is delayed for a little time by the fact that Lionel is in debt; and there is one pathetic scene where he tells Lucy of it.

"I am a poor man now, Lucy; worse than without prospects, if you knew all. And I do not know why you should not know all," he added, after a pause; "I am in debt. Such a man cannot marry" (!). The words were spoken quietly, temperately; their tone proving how hopeless could be any appeal against them, whether from him, from her, or from without. It was perfectly true; Lionel Verner's position placed him beyond the reach of social ties."

This passage may be taken as a fair sample of the sentimental parts of "Verner's Pride." As we said before, the broadly comic

* Verner's Pride. By Mrs. Henry Wood, Authoress of "East Lynne." London: Bradbury & Evans.

parts are better in style, but monotonous; and we must say that the characters, for the most part, are either insipid, unpleasant, or vulgar. We cannot, therefore, speak in very high terms of this last specimen of the Sensational or Renaissance Newgate School, either as to its plot, its sentiments, or its English.

LIFE IN NORMANDY.*

THIS is one of those books to which the art-criticism of young Primrose forcibly applies; there can be no doubt that it would have been much better had the author taken more pains. It is sketchy, disorderly, and, above all, too long. These blemishes might, perhaps, have been avoided had the author himself superintended the publication. We gather from the preface that such has not been the case, that the manuscript was "written for pastime in 1848 by a Highland gentleman resident in Normandy, at the suggestion of an honoured friend," and that both the author and his friend have "passed away." Undoubtedly, the task of compression became on this account more difficult, yet it would have been well had it been attempted. The book is a perfect example of the truth of the proverb that a half is often better than a whole. These two volumes would have boiled down into an admirable single volume. As it is, the sweetness is really too much drawn out. Passages of interest are few and far between, and the reader is, on the whole, rather bored. The "honoured friend," we are told, suggested as fitting topics, French cookery, fishing, natural history, farming, gardening, and politics. Cookery appears to have been a leading idea in the mind of the said friend. This work was to accomplish the lofty ambition in which Alexis Soyer failed—was to reform the household pot of the unscientific and wasteful Saxon. In other words, it was to convince the British housewife of the excellence and nutritious qualities of cuttle-fish and limpets. But the bow of Apollo cannot be always bent. A mission so exalted cannot be laboured in without ceasing. Accordingly, amusing sketches of French manners and customs are to relieve such severe instruction, having the same relation to it, to adopt the elegant illustration of the preface, as well cooked "frogs, snails, and maggots" bear to raw salmon. We cannot think that this idea is carried out. The criticism of a plain eater on his pudding recurs to us—"too many plums and too little suet." There is here exceedingly little of the proposed suet, that is, of practical instruction in cookery. On so great a subject an author has most truly the world all before him what to choose, but the author of "Life in Normandy" has chosen precisely that which is worthless. It was open to him to have soared into the highest spheres of the culinary art with the brilliant author of the "Physiologie du Goût," to have reformed the dinners of the middle classes after the fashion of the "Original," or to have instructed the poor by teaching the excellences of the water in which meat is boiled, and the wonderfully good dishes into which a little skill can convert the commonest vegetables. He has done none of these things, and he has conspicuously neglected the last of them. We have a few hints on the higher philosophy of eating not undeserving of respect, but no earnest inquirer of the poorer classes will derive any "instruction" from these pages. They do, indeed, insist on the high argument that slugs and limpets are good to eat, but that is all. The supposed inquirer has, we think, some right to complain of this. It is most true that French cookery might teach many valuable lessons, but these lessons are untaught in this lengthened and useless sermon on the virtues of snails and shell-fish. The ignorant Saxon, his hopes excited by the Preface, seeks for some cheap and nourishing edible, and is proffered a maggot. In plain English the design of the "honoured friend," so far as "benefiting the poor at home" is concerned, has proved an entire failure. The only novel and important culinary lesson we have met with in the book, is the following method of rendering guillemots or sea-crows not merely eatable but even excellent:—

"Take away the whole back, cut up the remainder of your bird, place it in a casserole, and give it five minutes of the fire; empty your casserole into a pan of boiling water, in which you must allow your viand to remain for a single minute, then remove it, replace it in a fresh casserole, and proceed as you would with a salmi of woodcock."

It would hardly convey any very clear idea to the mind of a fisherman's wife to tell her to place a bird in a casserole, and dress it as she would a salmi of woodcock; but the French marquis who gives this recipe adds to it the really valuable information that almost all aquatic birds may be made eatable by cutting away the back the moment they are caught. In the back, it appears, is contained the oil which gives to the bird that rancid taste commonly supposed to be an essential characteristic, but which in reality is only an accident to be avoided by the simple means above mentioned. The following defence of the continental order of a dinner, though certainly in no way instructive, is ingenious and amusing.

"You make a great mistake," says an enthusiastic French marquis, addressing an ignorant Englishman, "by your arrangement; you reserve your palate for the strong food to the last, eating your choicest *plats* when the stomach is voracious, and you swallow the best exertions of your cook so quickly, that you neither do justice to him nor to yourself. Now, by beginning with a small bit of roast, you imbibe the solid nutriment at a moment when you can

best bear this coarser viand; your fish follows, to fire the palate with its mild and delicate juices, and prepare you fully to feel and appreciate the exertions and talents of your cook."

Equally characteristic, and equally calculated to edify "the poor Scotchman's wife," whose culinary education, according to the preface, was the object of the book, is the following description of a French breakfast:—

"Half a dozen (oysters) were offered to each person, and Hope bolted his nearly as fast as the Marquis. He had determined to follow the lead of so able a guide, at least so far as he was able. A plateful of eggs followed the oysters. The Marquis took two; Hope contented himself with one. This was washed down with a little claret, largely diluted with water, and then a dish of *côtelettes* was handed round. The same proportions were continued by the two Englishmen; that is to say, they helped themselves to one *côtelette*, the Frenchman to two. In the next dish were the two sand-eels, fried according to the rules so clearly laid down by the Marquis, and of these Hope ate quite as many as his leader; indeed, so amply, that when two roast chickens were put on the table, he could only venture on a very moderate portion, as he kept a small corner of his appetite for the crabs and prawns. These followed the chickens; then came a dish of fried potatoes, and after them two pots of preserves. Of all these the Marquis ate, helping himself to several spoonfuls of the preserve, which he swallowed without bread. Some excellent bottled cider was produced and drunk after the sweets; then the fruit and white wine, a sort of *vin de Grave*; and the breakfast at last concluded with coffee and the usual glass of brandy."

What a meal! and yet the description is not exaggerated, as any one can testify who has ever breakfasted, or rather who has ever observed the natives breakfasting in a French café. Our refined neighbours are fond of sneering at the heavy feeding of the Anglo-Saxon, but the fact is that at dinner they are a fair match for us, while at breakfast no class of society on this side of the Channel can approach them, unless it be Oxford undergraduates just out of training.

Now this sort of thing is well enough in its way; but we must ask, in great wonderment, how it is calculated to improve the scanty dinners of the "poor Scotchman." And, as we said before, there is nothing more practical than such sketches until we get to slugs. Our opinion is that Englishmen, however poor, are just as likely to be induced by this publication to relish maggot soup as they are likely to be made able to eat breakfasts, such as that of the Marquis and his two English friends. To go through the *farrago libelli* given in the preface, "fishing," as here described, does not occur to the English reader as a pursuit partaking in the remotest degree of the nature of sport, and, therefore, he will hardly care for it. "Natural history, farming, and gardening," are not treated of at all; and we have nothing more intimately connected with "politics" than a young reprobate's account of his fighting at the barricades, and of his wanderings over the country afterwards. The best part of the book consists in the reminiscences of the Highlands; and of these the most striking is the description of a great storm in the north, and of the wreck of hundreds of boats away at the herring-fishery. And, *à propos* of this, we have at last a practical suggestion, and one of great value. The sea that breaks on the coast of Normandy is as wild as the seas of the North. Harbours are there even scarcer than with us, for "they are all half-tide harbours, and the boats are sometimes obliged to stand off and on for hours before they dare run in." And yet we are informed that the French fishing-boats are very seldom lost,—the reason of which would appear to be "that all are decked, the smallest as well as the largest, and it is wonderful how very few lives are lost on this coast. We never hear in this country, as with us at home, of a whole fleet of boats being caught in a gale and the half of them foundering in a heavy sea, and this I attribute to the boats being all decked." In confirmation of this remark, the author assures us that in the Northern storm which he witnessed "all the loss of life and property arose from the boats being open; for every boat that was lost either foundered at the nets or was swamped in the sea." And as a contrast to this, the boats come into the Norman harbour "taking in the green seas clean over all; but then they were up again like a bung. In the nasty cross sea that was then running no boat could keep dry, and an open boat would have filled and gone down in five minutes; whereas these fellows got their feet wet, and had to hold on now and then, and there was the worst of it." We are not sufficiently versed in nautical affairs to express a confident opinion on such matters. But there does appear to be much force in the views here urged; and they are well worthy the attention of those who so lately have been engaged in relieving the misery which one of these fearful storms has brought on the Western Highlands.

"Life in Normandy" is hardly susceptible, from its nature, of any proper criticism, but the above remarks will have sufficiently indicated our opinion of its merits. Considered with regard to the special object suggested by the "honoured friend," and set forth in the foolish preface, it is of course an entire failure. Looked at more generally it is an attempt in a very difficult style of literature—a style in which perfect success has perhaps been only achieved by White's "Natural History of Selbourne." And we pay it a high compliment when we say that it has failed in this attempt mainly from its diffuseness. Better arranged and half as long, it would have been—not indeed a work of genius like the "History of Selbourne,"—but certainly an agreeable and not an un instructive publication.

* Life in Normandy. In two vols. Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas. 1863.

THE STUDENT'S GUIDE TO THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.*

WE do not quite know what to make of this little book. From the names of many of the contributors and the titles of their papers, we were at first inclined to anticipate a series of philosophical discourses upon the studies of Cambridge; but the contributors themselves take care to warn us against any such expectation. They tell us that they merely give information as to the actual state of things at the University, without expressing any opinion as to whether that state is good or bad. This leaves the book not without a certain delicate flavour of advertisement. It rather unpleasantly reminds us of those prospectuses of schools which occasionally appear in the columns of newspapers, but which we had certainly thought were quite below the dignity of the University. Perhaps, indeed, the University is seriously going to copy the example of the reverend gentlemen who request their young friends to bring up a set of linen and a silver spoon and fork. It has for some time been customary to publish elaborate notices of the attractions offered to freshmen in the way of exhibitions, and it may be as well to afford information of the cheap terms on which the young gentlemen will be provided for when they come up. From this point of view, we are not surprised to find in one of the papers careful directions to freshmen to bring with them pillow-cases, towels, and breakfast cloths; they are told what they ought to pay for cap and gown and surplice; they are presented with three different estimates of the amount to be spent in crockery, and receive a judicious warning to pay for these articles "in cash, as discount is then got, and open running accounts with tradesmen are avoided;" and another warning, equally judicious, if rather obvious, not to buy or sell horses. In one article by the editor, Mr. Seeley, the aspiring student receives careful advice as to the choice of a college, and in another he will find a full list of the various torments that beset his path in every harrowing form of examination from his matriculation to his degree. All this is perfectly unobjectionable, and as far as we can see, the facts are accurately and carefully given. The only question we would raise is whether it can be worth while to write it all down and print and publish it. If there is really any advertising animus, it is a singularly ineffective form of advertisement; whilst, if it is meant *bonâ fide* as a work likely to be useful to a freshman, he can get all the information much more easily, quickly, and appropriately by applying to his tutor or any man of ordinary experience at the University. In fact, after long meditation, we have only found one class of society likely to profit by this part of the work; a country schoolmaster, who wishes to impress parents with his familiarity with the University, may certainly gain from it a morbid familiarity with some of the small details of university life and a few well-expressed commonplaces about education and the choice of a college.

The greater part of the book, however, is taken up with careful accounts of the different courses of study encouraged at the University. This is, perhaps, liable to the same objection of being rather needless; it is either too much or too little; the facts accompanied by an intelligent criticism from such good judges as the authors of some of these papers would be of great interest; the bare facts are nearly as dry reading as that lively work, the "Cambridge Calendar," and not more instructive. Moreover, if any student wants to find them out, he can generally get them much better from living authority. Notwithstanding this, there is certainly food for reflection in them. The contrast between those studies which have thoroughly taken root and become an essential part of the Cambridge system, with those newer studies which drag out an artificial and stunted life, is one of the most striking facts in the volume. Mr. Campion and Mr. Burn describe the usual course of study for the mathematical and classical triposes. Mr. Burn's paper on the classical tripos is most carefully worked out; it gives a great mass of information as to books to be used, and is, on the whole, in our opinion, the best paper in the book. There is, in fact, only one objection to it. It reminds us of an old and true Cambridge story of an unfortunate youth who came up to be admitted as an undergraduate. The College register notes the fact with the melancholy and significant addition, "*sed, Euclide viso, cohorruit et evasit.*" We do not feel quite certain that a glance at Mr. Burn's formidable list of authorities to be consulted and work to be done may not produce a shudder and a bolt in some rash aspirant to classical honours. Both this paper and Mr. Campion's, however, produce one consolatory effect. They have the thoroughly business-like and confident tone of guides who know the ground. There is a good straightforward path marked out for the student, from which he has no business and will have no temptation to stray. The feet of more than one generation have worn the track, and there can never be a question whether he is advancing towards the mark or away from it. Above all things, it is quite clear that he must restrain any tendency to wander at pleasure over the boundless fields of human knowledge. This is by no means the case for the wretch who, despising the ancient ways, plunges into the wilds of moral or natural sciences. The definite prospect which the mathematician or classical scholar has before him, in which each year and each term is marked with an appropriate study, and each study is confined within strict and narrow limits, vanishes hopelessly. He looks over a confused and hazy panorama, where it is very difficult to say what possible provinces of

study may not turn out to be useful. It seems as if Cambridge had suddenly been startled out of all propriety at her own narrowness, and had set up these two new triposes as a kind of receptacle for every unaccommodated branch of human knowledge. Whatever can call itself a science, may here find a place of honour for its votaries. Thus the unfortunate wretch who seeks for distinction in the natural sciences has the pleasant prospect of acquiring a knowledge of chemistry (including the laws of heat and electricity), of mineralogy, of geology (including paleontology), of botany, and of zoology (including comparative anatomy and animal physiology). As Professor Liveing justly says, "This is an enormous range, and, without some limitation, quite beyond the powers of any student. Any one of the subjects might be the study of a life." The same, he adds, might be said of astronomy or philology. But this by no means answers the objection to the examination as it now stands. In the mathematical tripos the course is strictly marked out. The candidates have a perfectly definite and intelligible course before them; moreover, it is a course not beyond the powers of the first men thoroughly to explore. The senior wrangler will not have a single question asked him which, if taken by itself, he would be unable to answer. But this is far from being the case with such an examination as we have now described. The limits are so vaguely and uncertainly defined that no man can be expected to be ready at every point where the examiner may attack him. If he has devoted himself, for example, to chemistry, he will have quite enough to occupy his whole time and energies without attending to comparative anatomy. But this at once introduces an element of uncertainty which goes far to make the examination useless as a comparative test of merit. It is clearly impossible to say, if A gets 100 marks for physiology, and B 150 for botany, whether A or B is the best man. It is as if, instead of the ordinary University boat-race, Oxford rowed in a man-of-war's gig on the ocean and Cambridge in an outrigger on the Cam. There is no common measure to be obtained. It is true that, by a kind of rule of thumb, this may be partially corrected. A rough system of justice may be carried out by distributing marks in certain arbitrary proportions to the different subjects. The papers set may practically confine the portions of the various studies in which knowledge is to be tested. But if the practical difficulty is more or less evaded by this means, another objection remains which goes more to the very principle of the examination. An examination such as we have described must, to a very great extent, be one of cram. Cram may be shortly defined as the disease engendered by an examination which merely tests knowledge of facts instead of skill in applying principles. In mathematics, which is better adapted than any other study for a fair examination, it is easy to secure a due proportion of questions which merely test the memory and of those which test the power of working out new problems. But it is hard to see how this can be done effectually in such a science as botany or geology. It is very difficult, if not impossible, to invent any questions in those sciences which shall try men's power of original investigation as distinguished from their mere knowledge of the facts. And we think it will be seen by any one who takes the trouble to look at such papers as have been set in the natural science tripos and elsewhere, that they are, as a rule, capable of being answered by any one who could acquire a certain number of technical names and rules by memory; and therefore incapable of being applied as a sensitive test to discover men of real ability. It is perhaps possible to remove these defects. Time and experience may show that a good examination in natural sciences is not an imaginary desideratum. At any rate, there can be no doubt of the advantage of encouraging such sciences in the Universities. If we turn to the moral sciences, as they are called, we find it hard to speak so hopefully. They are liable to the objections we have made to the natural sciences, and they have special faults of their own. We do not dispute, indeed, the advantage of such studies as Political Economy or Jurisprudence. Neither do we dispute the advantage of studying the Philosophy of History (including, as an aside, a knowledge of the facts of history as referred to in a long list of speculative works), although we would rather ask the questions than have to answer them. But we confess to grave doubts whether the study of Formal Logic, of Moral Philosophy, and above all of Mental Philosophy, is not time thrown away. We are aware that this sounds heretical, that Sir W. Hamilton would have considered us as grovelling spirits, and that lads at Edinburgh and Glasgow are taught to learn the jargon of "Contradictory Inconceivables" and of "Objectively-objective theories of Perception," as if it all really meant something. We admit that if a grown-up man likes to study the history of German Metaphysics, a paternal government has no right to interfere, and he may even be doing well in studying a curious part of the history of human thought, or rather of the confusion of all human thought. But we have a distinct objection to encourage young men to get up Kant's "*Kritik der Reinen Vernunft*," under the delusion that their wisest course will not be to clear their minds of it afterwards as soon as may be. When there is such a thing as Metaphysical Science, it will be time enough to teach it. When any rules are discovered in it, or any definite results are arrived at, no doubt the University ought to disseminate the knowledge of them. Meanwhile we conceive that it is sheer waste of precious time to induce young men to wander over the wearisome wilds of Aristotle, Descartes, Locke, Kant, Sir W. Hamilton, and the other authors recommended. If a clever lad likes to sharpen his mind by polishing it against this very hard material, by all means let him, but don't profess to teach it as a moral "science."

* The Student's Guide to the University of Cambridge. Deighton, Bell, & Co. Cambridge. 1862.

Besides the papers we have mentioned there is a very able paper, by Professor Abdy, on the Law Degree, which merits more notice than we have space to give it; others on medical studies and the theological examinations, and some useful information as to examinations for the Indian Civil Service, by Mr. Latham, of Trinity Hall, and on the local (or "non-gremial") examinations, by Mr. Roby, of St. John's. In many respects they confirm what we have already said. The art of examination has been carried to very high perfection at Cambridge. But it has chiefly been applied to the old University studies, classics and mathematics; it will take the labour of many acute minds for many years before it will be equally applicable to other sciences, if indeed that result is ever obtained. It would be easy to point out many failings (Mr. Latham has noticed some) in the Indian Civil Service examinations and others, owing to this cause. As, however, it is clearly of vital importance to the University that more attention should be paid to the newer studies than has hitherto been done, we fully expect that the same ingenuity which has constructed such delicate scales for weighing classical and mathematical attainments will in time succeed in inventing similar machinery for other purposes.

A SECRET MISSION IN 1808.

THE escape of the Marquis Romana, with the Spanish army under his command, from the Danish Island of Fünen, where they were practically prisoners of Bonaparte, was an object of primary importance to Sir Arthur Wellesley before undertaking the Peninsular campaign. But four agents who had been employed by the British Government to communicate with the marquis had been discovered upon their landing on the Continent and shot. It was necessary to provide a new volunteer, and one was found in the Rev. Mr. Robertson, who for some years had been a member of a Benedictine monastery established at Ratisbon for the education of Scottish youth. This book* contains the narrative of his mission; and as well from the danger of the undertaking, as the earnestness with which it is narrated, the volume is well worthy of perusal. Mr. Robertson had returned to his native country, and was resident in Ireland in 1807, at which time the Duke of Richmond was Lord-Lieutenant. The Duke had visited the Benedictine house at Ratisbon, and Mr. Robertson waited upon him to express his desire of being employed in the public service, in any way, consistent with his profession, that might conduce to the general good. Subsequently he renewed his offer to Sir Arthur Wellesley, then Irish secretary, who, shortly after his return to England, communicated with Mr. Robertson, requesting his attendance in London. After a delay of some weeks, a letter was put into his hands desiring his attendance at the house of Sir Arthur, in Harley-street. "Sir Arthur," he says, "broached the business with his usual affability, which immediately sets at ease those who have the honour of treating with him. 'You tell me, Mr. Robertson,' said he, 'that you are a man of courage.' 'Try me, Sir Arthur,' I replied. 'Well, that is what we mean to do. Will you assist in rescuing the Spanish army, now detained by Bonaparte in the north of Germany? Will you carry proposals from the British Government to the Marquis de la Romana, the commander of that army?' Mr. Robertson expressed his willingness to do so with the utmost alacrity, and an appointment was made to meet Mr. Canning at the Foreign Office. His embarrassment in the presence of the Minister made Mr. Canning doubt that he was fitted for the mission; but he pressed the grounds of his hope so strongly, and manifested so eager a desire to undertake the task, that it was finally confided to him.

We cannot follow Mr. Robertson through the perils of his journey. His first difficulty was to discover where Romana was, and his next to get to him. At length he discovered that he was on the island of Fünen, and providing himself with sample boxes of cigars and chocolate, he proceeded to the island in the character of a merchant travelling for orders. Driving to the hotel at which the marquis had his headquarters, he was fortunate enough, after much persuasion, to obtain part of a double-bedded room, and, the next morning sent by a French valet an open letter to the marquis, stating his desire to present to him samples of some articles he dealt in, and to solicit from his Excellency facilities for the prosecution of his further journey. He was no sooner closeted with the marquis than he thus opened his mission:—

"Señor, you see before you a stranger who comes to put his life in your hands. I am a Catholic priest, chosen, perhaps, partly on that account for the mission I am about to explain, as it was imagined that a Spaniard might be disposed to put confidence in the word of a Catholic clergyman. I am directed to your Excellency by the English Government; but let me say at once, I have no papers whatsoever to deliver to you, so that, in the event of my being arrested, you cannot be compromised in the least degree; and, moreover, I desire no writing from you. My message is merely verbal; be your answer the same. All that I can offer in the way of credentials is the knowledge I have of certain particulars of your personal intercourse with Mr. Frere, whom you will remember as our Ambassador in Spain. He desires me to remind your Excellency that the first time he had the pleasure of dining with you was at Toledo. After dinner you withdrew together into a cabinet containing books. In this cabinet there was one picture. That picture was by Mengs, and represented St. Peter and St. John at the gate of the Temple." "All most true,"

* Narrative of a Secret Mission to the Danish Islands in 1808. By the Rev. James Robertson. Edited from the Author's MS. by his nephew, Alexander Clinton Fraser. Longmans.

exclaimed the General, his countenance assuming the most friendly aspect. "Would your Excellency recognize Mr. Frere's handwriting?" I continued. "Methinks I should!" Here I produced a very small fragment torn from a memorandum I had received from Mr. Frere, which was immediately recognized by the marquis. Having thus established my credit as a confidential agent of the British Government, I added that "Mr. Frere had assured me I should find in the General a man of strict honour and high principle, and an enemy to French tyranny and oppression."

"The message," I continued, "with which I am charged, is to announce to your Excellency that England is ready to convey you and the troops under your command to any country you may name. We ask nothing of you in return; you shall be free from any engagement to fight for us; in that respect act as you think proper. We simply wish to put in your power to extricate yourself from your present position. Our transports shall attend your orders on any part of the coast. You may select South America, or Canada, Minorca, England, or Spain, as your destination; we are ready to forward your views, whatever they may be. If you desire a treaty in form, the British Government has authorized Mr. McKenzie to conclude one with you. He resides at Heligoland at present, and will there treat with any officer you may depute."

"Further, although we do not pretend to dictate to the Spanish nation what course it ought to pursue, yet if resistance to the invader be resolved on, we are ready to co-operate with all our might. Our cavalry were never better mounted, nor our artillery better served. We long for an opportunity to try our strength on land with the French."

The marquis took time for reflection, during which Mr. Robertson employed himself in sauntering through the town of Nyborg. On his return to the hotel he was sent for by the Marquis, who asked many questions as to the state of affairs in Spain, of which he and his officers had long been kept wholly in ignorance. Mr. Robertson told him of the rising in Galicia and the Asturias, and the arrival of a Spanish deputation in London to solicit the aid and protection of the British Government. This news was welcome, but the marquis was still undecided; and Mr. Robertson took his leave of him, and proceeded to the shore, hoping to attract the attention of the British fleet, which lay within sight of the town. While waving his white handkerchief, as if accidentally, he was observed by a Danish militiaman, who lay couched on the grass, with his musket beside him. Putting a good face on it, he walked up to him, and asked him how he could manage to get across the Belt without falling into the hands of the English. The Dane, who suspected him, referred him to a fisherman, who was the owner of several boats, and who lived in the next cottage. Proceeding thither, he fell into the hands of six other Danes, who made him prisoner, and carried him to their officer. This gentleman was a Hanoverian, whom Mr. Robertson had already met, and by whom he was treated with courtesy. The officer, however, could not discharge him without taking him to his colonel; but the colonel, on sight of Mr. Robertson's passport, at once dismissed him, with apologies for the inconvenience he had been put to. This delay compelled Mr. Robertson to return to the hotel, when the landlord vehemently pressed him to sup with him. On his way to his room he passed the bottom of the staircase, which the marquis and some of his officers were at the time ascending; the marquis leaned over the banisters, and in a half-whisper and broken English, said, "Come to me—morrow morning—eight o'clock." This appointment was kept, and the marquis informed him that he had finally resolved to accept the offer of the English Government.

Let us now leave Mr. Robertson to effect his return, while we narrate from his book the manner in which Romana effected his escape with his army. He had some time before written to Bernadotte, proposing that he should come to Nyborg and review the Spanish troops. Bernadotte consented, but without fixing the time. Under pretence of a general review and inspection, the marquis collected as many of his troops as he could at head-quarters. Mr. Robertson lost no time in getting back to Hamburg, and reporting to Mr. McKenzie, who was at Heligoland, the successful accomplishment of his mission, and requesting that instructions might be sent to the commanders of the British fleet in the Baltic to hold themselves in readiness to communicate with the Spanish General. The marquis having collected all the troops he could, wrote again to Bernadotte, urging him to come and review the army. Bernadotte collected 3,000 men and marched for Nyborg with all possible expedition. La Romana, hearing that he was on his way, invited the principal inhabitants to a grand entertainment, and after déjeuner surrounded the hotel with troops. The Spaniards, to the number of 10,000, immediately marched down to the harbour, seized every boat and bark they could find, and signalled the British fleet for more boats. When all the troops were embarked except 300, Bernadotte arrived—too late. The handful of Spaniards who remained were about to resist him when their colonel, riding in front of them, showed the hopelessness of the struggle they were proposing to challenge, and desired them to lay down their arms. They reluctantly consented. The colonel

"Then dismounted, and, taking the pistols from his holster, shot his charger, ejaculating, 'But, as for thee, they shall never mount thee; and me,' he continued, putting a pistol to his head, 'they shall never disarm.'"

La Romana sailed with his army for England, and subsequently for Spain, where they did good service in the field. The rest of the book is occupied with Mr. Robertson's return to England, in which he ran as much risk as in getting to Fünen. Our notice

has already exceeded our limit. We can only say in addition that we have read few books more interesting than Mr. Robertson's narrative.

Mr. Bohn proceeds rapidly with his new edition of Lowndes' *Bibliographer's Manual*,* which he hopes to conclude before the end of the present year. The nature of the work will best be described, for those who may not be acquainted with it, by an extract from the title-page. It contains "An account of rare, curious, and useful books, published in or relating to Great Britain and Ireland, from the invention of printing; with bibliographical and critical notices, collations of the rarer articles, and the prices at which they have been sold in the present century." A glance at the article "Shakespeare" will suffice to show the indefatigable labour which Mr. Bohn has expended on the present edition of this work.

No better guide through the wars of the nineteenth century can be found than Sir Edward Cust, who in the two volumes before us† has given a full and clear summary of military and naval events from the year 1800 to 1809.

Professor Massé's "Grammatologie Française"‡ will be a valuable aid to more advanced students of the French language. A Key, by the same author, is in course of preparation.

Messrs. Virtue have issued No. 141 of their Rudimentary and Scientific Series.§ The present volume contains three articles:—1. On the Motion of Camphor on Water; 2. On the Motion of Camphor towards the Light; 3. History of the Modern Theory of Dew. The present volume maintains the character of the series. Volume II. of "The Museum"|| is full of merit.

LIST OF MEETINGS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, 20TH APRIL, 1863.

ARCHITECTS—At 8 P.M. "On the Crypt and Chapter of Worcester Cathedral." By Rev. R. Willis, F.R.S.

ASIATIC—At 3 P.M.

MEDICAL—At 8½ P.M.—"On the Laryngoscope." By Dr. G. Johnson.

TUESDAY, 21ST APRIL.

ANTHROPOLOGICAL—At 7½ P.M. 1. "On the Permanence of Type." By Dr. Julius Schwabe. 2. "The Relation of Man to the Lower Animals." By C. S. Wake, Esq.

PATHOLOGICAL—At 8 P.M.

ROYAL INSTITUTION—At 3 P.M. Professor Marshall, "On Animal Mechanics."

CIVIL ENGINEERS—At 8 P.M. 1. Discussion on Mr. Brunton's paper, "On the Scinde Railway." 2. "Account of the Cofferdam, the Syphons, and other Works constructed in consequence of the Failure of the St. Germain's Sluice of the Middle Level Drainage." By Mr. Hawkshaw, C.E., President.

STATISTICAL—At 8 P.M. "On the Direct Imperial Expenditure for the Colonies." By F. Purdy, Esq.

ZOOLOGICAL—At 9 P.M. Dr. Schlater, "On the Known Species of Pheasants." Dr. Hartland, "On Birds collected in East Africa by Captain Speke."

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 22.

METEOROLOGICAL—At 7 P.M.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE—At 4½ P.M. (Anniversary Meeting.)

GEOLOGICAL—At 8 P.M. 1. "On the Gneiss and other Azoic Rocks, and on the subjacent Paleozoic Formations of Bavaria and Bohemia." By Sir R. I. Murchison, K.C.B., &c. 2. "Notice of a Section at Mocktree, near Ludlow." By R. Lightbody, Esq.

SOCIETY OF ARTS—At 8 P.M. "On the Construction of Twin Screw Steam-ships." By Capt. T. E. Symonds, R.N.

ARCHAEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION—At 8½ P.M. 1. "On a newly-discovered Roman Villa in Berkshire; and an undescribed Camp in North Hants." By Dr. Palmer. 2. "On Roman Antiquities recently found at Corinium, and on Discoveries in other parts of Gloucestershire and in Wilts." By Professor Buckman. 3. "On Peaked Hats." By Mr. Cuming.

THURSDAY, APRIL 23.

ROYAL SOCIETY—At 8½ P.M. 1. "On the Arrangement of the Muscular Portion of the Vertebrate Heart, with Physiological Remarks." By J. Pettigrew, Esq. 2. "On the Diurnal Inequalities of Terrestrial Magnetism, as deduced from Observations made at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, from 1841 to 1857." By G. B. Airy, Esq., Astronomer Royal.

ANTIQUARIES—At 2 P.M. (Anniversary Meeting.)

ROYAL INSTITUTION—At 3 P.M. "On Geology." By Professor Ansted.

* The *Bibliographer's Manual* of English Literature. By William Thomas Lowndes. New edition, revised, corrected, and enlarged, by Henry G. Bohn. Part VIII. H. G. Bohn.

† *Annals of the Wars of the Nineteenth Century*, compiled from the most authentic histories of the period. By the Hon. Sir Edward Cust, D.C.L. Murray.

‡ *Grammatologie Française*; a series of fifty Introductory Examination Papers. By M. Massé. Nutt.

§ *Experimental Essays*. By Charles Tomlinson. Illustrated. Virtue Brothers & Co.

|| *The Museum*: a Quarterly Magazine of Education, Literature, and Science. Vol. II. Edinburgh: James Gordon.

FRIDAY, APRIL 24.

ROYAL INSTITUTION—At 8 P.M. "On Luminous Meteors." By Alexander S. Herschel, Esq.

LONDON INSTITUTION—At 7 P.M. "Economic Botany." By Professor Bentley.

SATURDAY, APRIL 25.

BOTANIC—At 3½ P.M.

ROYAL INSTITUTION—At 3 P.M. "On the Science of Language." 2nd series. By Professor Max Müller.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

Abel Drake's Wife. By John Saunders. 3rd edition, cr. 8vo., cl., 6s.

Appleby Brothers' Illustrated Handbook and Price Current of Machinery. 8vo., cloth, 2s. 6d.

Beeton's Dictionary of Arts and Sciences. Vol. II., 8vo., cloth, 6s.

Benfey's (T.) Practical Sanskrit Grammar. 8vo., cloth, 7s. 6d.

Bonar's (Rev. Dr. H.) God's Way of Peace. 18mo., 9d. cloth limp; 1s. 6d. boards; large type edition, 16mo., 2s. cloth.

Boy's (The) Handy Book of Sports, Pastimes, and Games. Fcap., cloth, gilt, 5s.

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